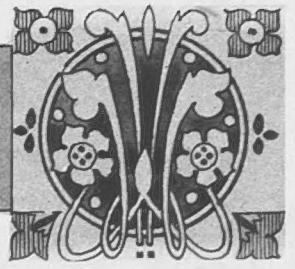




THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



A LOVELY SACRIFICE TO THE SUN AT THE NEW OXFORD: Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA AND M. STOWITTS.

One of the most beautiful scenes in "Mayfair and Montmartre," at the New Oxford, is "The Legend of Old Peru," which takes the form of a sumptuous spectacle ballet of a Sun-Worshipper's sacrifice. Mlle. Alice Delysia, in a barbaric costume of blue beads, takes the part of the beautiful

victim, and M. Stowitts is her lover. He makes an attempt to save her, and, when this fails, joins her on the sacrificial altar. Further illustrations of this ballet and other scenes of the new revue are given elsewhere in "The Sketch."—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

Flight of the Authors. A writer in an evening paper observes that he has been told of many distinguished English authors who are leaving this country on account of the excessive income tax. "But," he adds, "I can scarcely believe it."

I see no difficulty whatever in believing it; for one thing, it happens to be true. You have only to look through the advertisements of houses for sale, and you will find the names of those authors who are shaking off the dust of England from their feet, having no other dust to shake.

But why, in particular, authors? Well, that also is easy enough to understand, if you give the matter a moment's thought—which nobody does except the individuals concerned. An author is a man whose income depends solely on his own efforts. He receives no salary. He has no business, no goodwill. When other men want a rest or are taken ill, their income continues in their absence just as though they were present. Indeed, it pays certain people better to stay away from the office.

But an author has no office, no staff, no help of any kind. And yet he is taxed on the same scale as the lawyer, or the grocer, or the house-agent. The profession of authorship will not stand it.

If authors could only stand together! But that seems impossible, so we must bid farewell to these sweet gentlemen; and others, of a more prosaic habit, will live in their homes and sleep in their beds.

The irony of it is that most of these departing ones are members of the Council of the Society of Authors. Which speaks volumes for their collective effectiveness!

"That, however," as an old friend of mine used to say, "is another branch of the same subject."

The Happy French Child.

The Paris Academy of Medicine, in this year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two, has made a discovery which the English have not yet made in regard to the human child. It has discovered that the so-called inattention of children in school is really a provision of Nature to save the poor little things from going dotty altogether. "The child has a

wonderful gift of inattention, which allows him to shake himself free from all intellectual harness. He is believed to be in the class, but he is playing truant. His imagination laughs at regulations which impose the double torture of silence and immobility. Inhibition is his intellectual defence."

And another thing. It has at last occurred to the fatheads of the world—in which category I include nine out of ten of those who have anything to do with the education of children—that a child who has been in school for six or seven hours during the day is hardly in a condition to spend the evening preparing lessons for the morrow. The grown man, they point out, would not dream of working himself like this. When he leaves his office he has finished work for the day; but the child only leaves the office to go on working at home.

Wonderful! What a discovery! And now shall I tell you, in secret, the precise reason why boys and girls have to work so many

are, as it were, in chains. Which saves anxiety, responsibility, and supervision. As for the work they do, three hours a day is enough for any child under fourteen, and I would guarantee to get any boy of average ability through any ordinary examination if he worked—really and truly worked—four hours a day. If he won't really and truly work, eight or nine hours a day with his elbows on the desk is not going to make him. "Inhibition is his intellectual defence."

"Three Blind Mice."

In an article on theatrical superstitions, the writer mentioned that it was a crime to sing or whistle "Three Blind Mice" in the dressing-room or on the stage, and wondered about the origin of the superstition. But the reason, surely, is self-explanatory—

Three blind mice! Three blind mice!
See how they run! See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife;
She cut off their tails with the carving-knife:
Did ever you see such a thing in your life
As three blind mice?

The farmer's wife is the dramatic critic; his pen is the carving-knife. (If you don't follow that, ask Mr. Cochran.) People who run after the gentleman are apt to get their tails cut off, and then "see how they run"! If this explanation, which I have invented on the spur of the moment, is incorrect, I shall be glad to hear from those more versed in the lore of superstitions than myself.

Origin of "Flapper." There has been some talk, too, about the origin of the word "flapper." I have always taken it that a girl is a "flapper" who wears her hair down her back, because it flaps when she runs about. But there is another explanation.

Some years ago, when I was writing dialogues for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then under the editorship of Mr. J. L. Garvin, I received a request from Tokyo to allow the teachers of colloquial English in that city to reprint my dialogues in book form for the guidance of their pupils. I was delighted to give my consent, and in due course a little book reached me which is one of my treasured

possessions. At the end of the book the more difficult terms are explained. Some of these explanations are delicious, but I have room for one only—

"Flapper.—Slangy term for a young girl. Originally it meant a young bird unable to rise in flight, especially young wild duck."

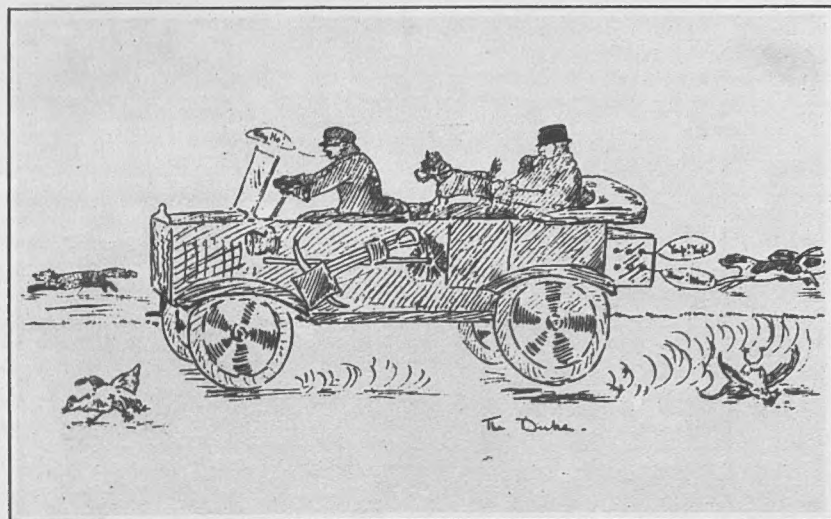


AFTER THE CEREMONY AT HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET: SIR NEVILLE PEARSON AND LADY PEARSON, FORMERLY MISS MARY MOND.

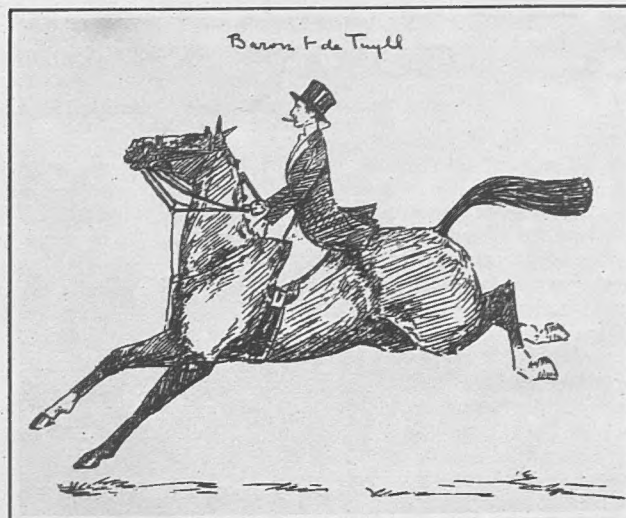
The marriage of Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., only son of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, the wonderful blind baronet, to Miss Mary Mond, second daughter of Sir Alfred Mond, Minister of Health, and of Lady Mond, took place quietly last week. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her sister, Miss Nora Mond; and only near relatives of the bride and bridegroom were present. Lord and Lady Erleigh (brother-in-law and sister of the bride), Lady (Arthur) Pearson, D.B.E. (mother of the bridegroom), and Sir Malcolm Fraser (uncle) were among the congregation. After a small reception at Lady Mond's house, Sir Neville and Lady Pearson left for the south of Italy, where the honeymoon is being spent.—[Photo. Illustrations.]

hours at a stretch? This is a professional secret, but you shall share it. The reason is that when they are sitting in rows at their little desks, with a master or mistress mounted on a rostrum, they are safe. They cannot get into much mischief. They are easily watched. They have to be quiet. They

Lady Diana Somerset's "Beaufortshire" Caricatures.



IN HIS FORD CAR: THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT HUNTS BY ROAD.



AN IMPRESSION OF HER STEP-BROTHER: LADY DIANA'S PORTRAIT OF BARON "FRANKIE" DE TUYLL.



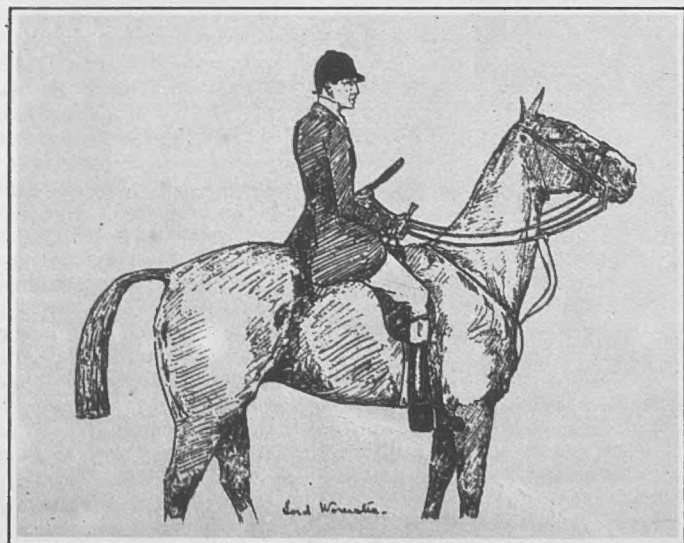
THE SPORTING PARSON: THE REV. F. TIMMINS.



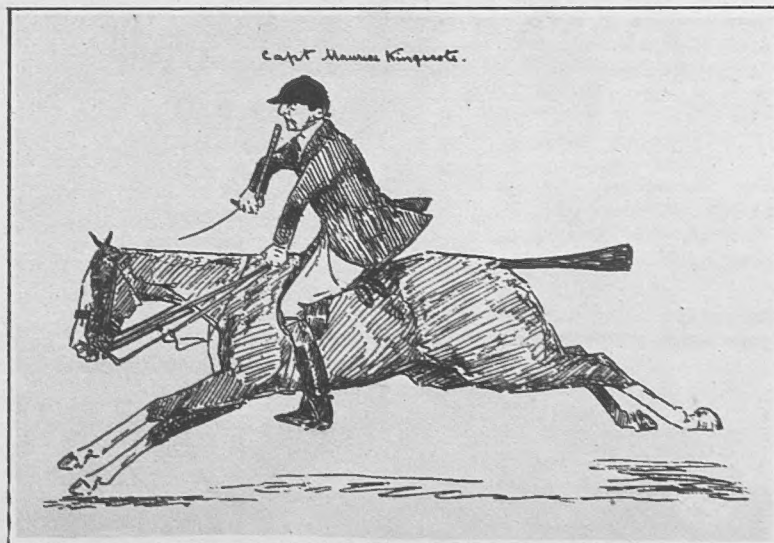
THE CARICATURIST: LADY DIANA SOMERSET.



A WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWER OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S: COLONEL BRINTON.



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S SON: THE MARQUESS OF WORCESTER.



A WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN: CAPTAIN MAURICE KINGSCOTE.

Lady Diana Somerset, the unmarried daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, is a caricaturist, and has just published a book of "Sketches of the Beaufort Hunt, 1921-22," some of which we reproduce on this page. They include an amusing drawing which represents the Duke

hunting "by road" in his Ford; caricatures of Lady Diana's brother, the Marquess of Worcester, who hunts his father's pack, and has been showing splendid sport this season; of her step-brother, Baron "Frankie" de Tuyl; and of other well-known members of the Hunt.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



In Paris.

A whole week in Paris and never a Philistine to count the cost; and so many new clothes that Jane now looks like a bride!

Paris in spring-time, even without new clothes, would be joy enough. The Ritz was as full as ever; it now seems to have become just an English club—a home from home for weary shoppers—or, as I heard one *blasée* woman remark, "The worst of it is that you are certain to meet all the creatures you have just managed to escape from in London!" Not being as *blasée* as that, Jane always thinks the bores of London become quite human in Paris. They forget to be snobs, or they remember to make believe. And in Paris you must make believe all day long and well into the night if you would bring your conscience to allow you to buy the amusements which you *know* you can't afford in everyday London. For one week you live at the rate of £60,000 a year. There are liveried men even to do your telephoning and pay for your telegrams and small parcels "on delivery." You hardly handle the vulgar thing called money at all. Even your jeweller in the Rue de la Paix insists on cleaning your diamonds for nothing. Indeed, he looks quite hurt when you fumble in your bag. Almost you expect him to kiss your hand as he opens the door. He is so exactly like most of the foreign diplomats, you despise yourself for wondering whether it was quite safe leaving those rings and brooches!

Passing Through the French Capital.

And then you see the Duchess of Sutherland, beaming, as usual, and your sense of conventional British trust in all things is restored. She is on her way South, and is only in Paris for a few days. She has been lunching with Lady Maidstone and the Grand Duke Dimitri. A little later you find Lord and Lady Grantley. They are on their way home after some jolly weeks in the sunshine of Nice and Monte Carlo—home, which to them this week means Weeke Manor and Winchester, that lovely old Cathedral town that somehow conjures up visions of chalk downs and the well-wooded valley of the Itchen and the old Cathedral itself: the longest in England, with its magnificent Perpendicular nave and the Early Norman tower and Norman work in the transepts.

Lady Grantley is a daughter of the late Lord Ranelagh. Lord Grantley's first wife was an American—Miss McVickar, of New York—whose daughter, Miss K. Norton, is very like her. The beautiful Mrs. "Dick" Norton is, of course, her sister-in-law, having married Lord Grantley's only son and heir practically straight from the school-room.

She is a daughter of Sir David Kinloch, the Grenadier Guardsman who so gallantly commanded an infantry brigade of the New Army in France.



1. Angela feels something must be done to brighten life a little, and decides to become a jockey. The costume is certainly most alluring.

purse-strings as much as the belligerent Powers. All of which proves that "no man lives unto himself alone," and no country either; and if everybody won't help everybody with good grace to start with, sooner or later they will have to help pay the piper, anyhow—which is about as far as my limited intelligence will carry me on the road to international polity.

Not that little Miss Bittencourt did not do her best! She was a V.A.D. during the war, like the most patriotic English girls. Mr. Philippi is now playing polo in Spain against the King of Spain's team, but is expected in London early in the summer.

Other passers through Paris lately were Lady Sandhurst (who has been at Cannes), Lady Coats (the mother of last week's bridegroom), and a host of lawn-tennis players all eager to begin

But to get back to Winchester. Mlle. Elita de Bittencourt's fiancé, Mr. George Philippi, the polo-player, also lives there—at Crawley Court, a few miles from Winchester I should have said. Mlle. Elita is in Paris buying wonderful clothes. She is dark, like her sister, Lady Lisburne, and, like all South Americans, dresses very well, and can afford to go to all the best Paris houses, whose prices are so prohibitive to most of us. But there are not nearly so many Chileans or Argentines in Paris this year as usual. They all found themselves particularly well off just after the war (being about the only countries in the world that did not join in!), and now are beginning to feel the slump in European trade and the need to tighten

playing in the English Covered Court Championships, which start this week.

• **Augusta Lady Blythswood.** Last week I mentioned a dance to be given in London by Lady Nunburnholme for her daughter. Of course, this did not take place, on account of Lady Blythswood's death. Augusta Lady Blythswood was the sister of Lord Lincolnshire, therefore the aunt of Lady Nunburnholme, his eldest daughter. Which reminds me that as there is now no heir to the Lincolnshire marquise, I hear there is talk of allowing the title to descend through the female line—possibly in favour of Lady Nunburnholme's second son, so that the Carrington titles should not be merged in the Wilson ones. But this is only hearsay. I do hope it is possible. It was too cruel the Lincolnshires losing their only son in the war, and it would only be a slight recognition of the family's sacrifice if the succession could thus be assured of the joint-hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England.

Lady Lincolnshire is, of course, a Harbord (Lord Suffield's sister), and one of her daughters married Lord Lewisham—Lord Dartmouth's heir; and another married Lord Forester's son; and yet another Lord Bury, Lord Albemarle's heir.

The Army Chuckling.

I hear that commanding officers all over England are refusing point blank to "axe" any of their juniors. Or rather they are all reporting them to be perfection in *excelsis*, much to the dismay of the higher powers at the War Office, who positively *must* get rid of a certain proportion before the end of the spring!

It is all very well to be loyal; but the worst of it is that power will now be bestowed on those greater beings who, knowing nothing whatsoever about anybody, will perforce cut down the flower of the Army—alphabetically, perhaps! But rumour also says it won't matter—for those who remain are to have their pay reduced, and their pensions still more so; so whether axed or not, you are between the devil and the deep blue sea—or, rather, between a disciplined though picturesque life in uniform (on starvation pay!) and a dismal, though perspicuous life in threadbare mufti. Already I am thinking of starting

ing an agency for turning overcoats, or dyeing khaki, or transforming mess jackets into tennis blazers. Any orders?



2. But she soon makes the sad discovery that her new profession entails a lot of tedious training—going to bed at sunset, having partaken of a bowl of thin soup . . .

However, this did not seem to affect the nerve of General Jeffreys (who has the London Command), who was hunting from Alton, as usual, last week (and, as usual, the best-mounted and best-looking man in the field!). Or the humour of Colonel Godfrey-Faussett, who is still commanding the Signal Service Depot at Maresfield Park, in Sussex—though he is going to retire shortly, if rumour be correct. Or the irrepressible spirits of Colonel "Tom" Vesey,

It was interesting to go straight from this to the panorama of the Battle of Waterloo. Here the immaculate figures of James Macdonnell and Francis Howe (commanding English troops at Goumont against Jerome Bonaparte's soldiers) caught the eye; and Donop's brigade of Dragoons charging full speed, led by Marshal Ney himself; Wellington, calm and unmoved, on the right of Van Merlen; and the Prince of Orange near; and between the bright *chasseurs à cheval* and the *cuirassiers* dark masses of the horse-guard grenadiers, commanded by General Guyot; then the white busbies of the trumpeters, and the great Napoleon himself riding his white horse; near him the guide Decoster bound on a horse, behind him his brilliantly uniformed Staff and escorting squadrons. Only a hundred years . . . and the glory of colour and the glint of polished steel had given way to those hideous underground horrors of high explosives!

We talked for hours about it all. To me it seems a symbol of future peace. In the degree that war is deprived of its picturesque colour and becomes more and more glaringly the cruel scourge it verily is, surely statesmen and soldiers and the real rulers of the world—the newspaper proprietors who make public opinion—will somehow avoid it altogether. The only bit of strong colour on the Yser canvas was cleverly introduced by the artist on the tottering walls of some Ypres café, where the typical local advertisements were painted against a background of lapis-lazuli—just as they are still painted all over Belgium. And, of course, the flames, though these were mostly smothered in smoke and the very sky was dun-coloured, as it usually was in Belgium during our war.

lent it to Lord and Lady Victor Paget, who were married last Wednesday very quietly.

Trent is only twelve miles from Hyde Park Corner. It consists of a lovely park of over a thousand acres, a most delightful Japanese garden on the banks of a great lake, an old-world Italian pergola on rising lawns where, in summer, you can breakfast most ideally with the blackbirds and thrushes—and (just in case you need a roof) a great modern mansion facing full south.

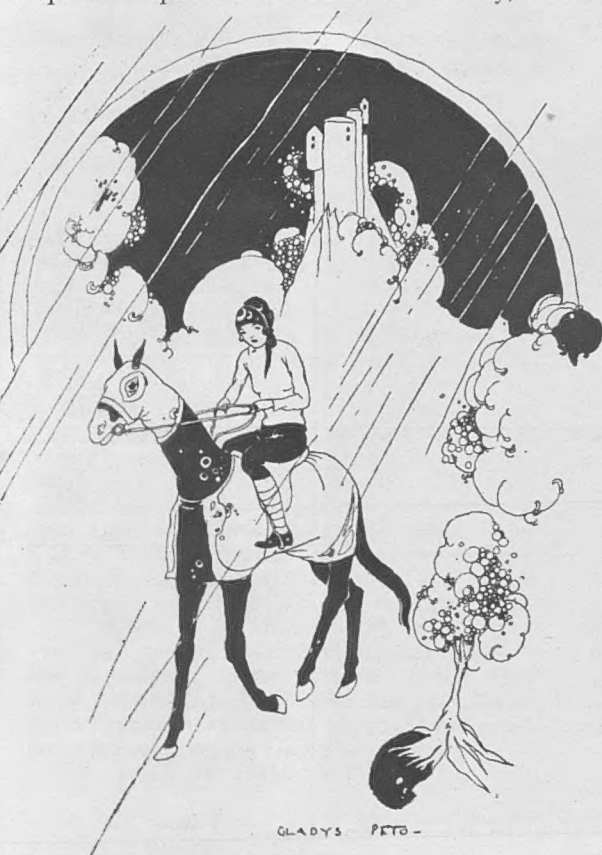
Lady Rocksavage acts as chatelaine here usually for her brother. But he often lends it to his friends when he is abroad or at his other beautiful (and now historical) place at Lympe.

Lord Victor Paget is the brother of Lord Anglesey, and the heir-presumptive to the Marquisate, as the most youthful generation of little Pagets are all girls—four of them. The new Lady Victor Paget is the daughter of Lord Colebrooke. Her mother is also a Paget—a cousin of her present husband—being the daughter of the late Lord Alfred Paget.

Brussels Again.

A letter from Brussels tells of the end of the season there at last; and such a season it has been! Quite the gayest since the end of the war. The Comtesse Sophie Sobranska's ball was a great event. And La Baronne Serot Almeras Latour received for several *thés dansants*. Another hostess was La Baronne de Ville, raigne de Vogelsanck. Then the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Adatci gave a wonderful ball at the Embassy "à l'occasion du 258ième anniversaire de la Fondation de l'Empire Nippon." (Think of it! They were celebrating something that happened six hundred and sixty years before Christ, for all the world as though it happened yesterday!)

Then there were several big balls at the Concert Noble—subscription balls open only to members of the Club. There were afternoon



GLADYS PETO-

3. . . . And rising at sunrise, and riding out in the rain like this. Angela feels that she couldn't bear this strange reversal of things . . .

who is the popular officer in command of the battalion of Irish Guards now at Windsor. He is living at Daisymede, a dear little house in Old Windsor, near the river. His wife is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Kenmare.

When you come to think of it, early promotion is not all that it seems to be in these days, as it means that a young officer who has completed his term of four years as Lieutenant-Colonel must go, though still in the thirties, unless he be a Staff College graduate and the possessor of whatever magic it is that secures the plums of higher commands. And these appointments necessarily dwindle in number as you approach the more august ranks. One wonders what Napoleon would have thought of this penalising of youth.

A Panorama of War.

Which reminds me that in Paris I met some jolly soldiers who had just returned from Brussels. They said the most interesting thing they had seen was the great panorama of the Yser battlefield, all done to scale with life-size real figures in the foreground, and the great canvases in the background very beautifully painted to represent burning Ypres: the sky a conflagration of smoke and flame, the middle distance a network of trenches, and mud, and sheets of running water. The soldiers were very realistic in their mud-caked uniforms. There was a group of staff officers near a motor-car in the distance; and the King and Queen of the Belgians were depicted in their favourite positions as near the firing-line as possible.

Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles.

Next week Princess Mary is expected home with Lord Lascelles, and they will go to Windsor for the Easter holidays, and probably stay a fortnight with the King and Queen at Windsor Castle. They were due to visit Lord and Lady Granard in Paris at 73, Rue de Varenne on their way home.

The Court is already at Windsor, and will most probably remain there till the end of April. Lord Valentia is now acting as Lord-in-Waiting to the King. He is an ex-10th Hussars officer, and, as President of the Cavalry Club, is seen there very often with one or another of his numerous daughters. The eldest married the very popular Major Bowlby, who was killed early in the war while serving with the "Blues." Mrs. Bowlby now lives in the Biceston country, I think, and is seldom in London. But one remembers her best as a young girl, when she went about a good deal with her pretty cousin, Miss Valerie Glover, who married Colonel (then Captain) Roger Tempest, of the Scots Guards.

Captain Caryl Annesley, the second surviving son of Lord Valentia, is the heir, as the eldest son was killed in action. He lives for the most part at Bletchington, his father's place in Oxfordshire, now that he has left the Army. He used to belong to the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and is now a Captain in the Special Reserve of the 1st Dragoons.

Lord Victor Paget and the Hon. Bridget Colebrooke.

One can think of no more ideal spot for a honeymoon than Trent Park. Sir Philip Sassoon has



GLADYS PETO-

4. . . . And decides that this is, after all, the way to go to the races.

parties at all the Embassies. There was the Opera and the other theatres—all to be packed into two short months of the only season in which Brussels ever indulges. Now the big houses will close, the country chateaux will open, and Brussels will go to sleep for ten months.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE

THE POINT-TO-POINT SEASON: WHADDON CHASE



AT THE WHADDON CHASE POINT-TO-POINT 'CHASES: MRS. MORTON, MRS. PATTINSON, MRS. HOLLAND, MRS. WITHERBY.



AT THE FERNIE'S HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES AT CARLTON CLUMP: MRS. MURRAY SMITH AND MR. G. P. HEDGES.



AT THE EAST ESSEX HUNT CLUB FOR THE LADIES' RACE.



SPECTATORS AT CARLTON CLUMP: MRS. MURRAY SMITH, MRS. JOHN ALEXANDER.



THE WINNER OF THE LADIES' RACE: MISS MESSON RECEIVING THE CUP FROM MR. ROUND.



AT WEEDON HILL: MRS. LLOYD, MISS I. WILLIAMS, AND MRS. C. AGNEW.

The cold weather has not prevented a good attendance at the numerous Point-to-Point Race Meetings which have been held during the last ten days. Our pages show a selection of snapshots from the Whaddon Chase Hunt Point-to-Point Races, held at Weedon Hill; the Fernie's Hunt and Bucks Club Races at Carlton Clump, near Kilworth; the South Berks Races, near Spratleys, Strathfieldsaye; and the East Essex Hunt

FERNIE'S, EAST ESSEX, AND SOUTH BERKS.



POINT-TO-POINT 'CHASES': THE RACE OF ADJOINING HUNTS.



MR. G. P. HEDGES, MRS. MURRAY AND HER DAUGHTER.



AT THE FERNIE'S HUNT AND BUCKS CLUB POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES: MR. AND MRS. BAIRD OF ELIE.



AT THE SOUTH BERKS POINT-TO-POINT: MRS. SCOTT, MRS. C. F. GORDON, MISS REED, LORD DOWNSHIRE, MISS PEEL, MR. C. F. GORDON (L. TO R.).



AT THE SOUTH BERKS HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES: MRS. R. EMMETT, MISS EMMETT, MISS PAMELA PEEL, AND VICOMTE OGIER D'IVRY.



AT THE SOUTH BERKS RACES: CAPTAIN AND MRS. JACK HAY, MISS V. LIDDELL, MISS ALLFREY, AND MISS LIDDELL.

Point-to-Point Meeting, at Great Leighs. The last-named meeting was the occasion of an unusual event, a race for ladies of the adjoining hunts, which was won by Miss Messon on Bonzor Tom. She rides side-saddle. Mr. James Baird is the Master of the Cottesmore. Mrs. J. Murray Smith entered her Diana (nominated by Miss Betty Murray Smith) for the Ladies' Nomination Race at Carlton Clump.—[Photographs by S. and G., T.P.A., and Alfieri.]

A Grayson Family Party in the Park – and Weddings.



WITH EIGHT OF HER TWELVE CHILDREN: LADY GRAYSON, THE WIFE OF SIR HENRY MULLENEUX GRAYSON, K.B.E., M.P.



MARRIED AT ST. GEORGE'S: MR. T. B. HOHLER (BRITISH MINISTER TO HUNGARY) AND MISS CYNTHIA ASTELL.

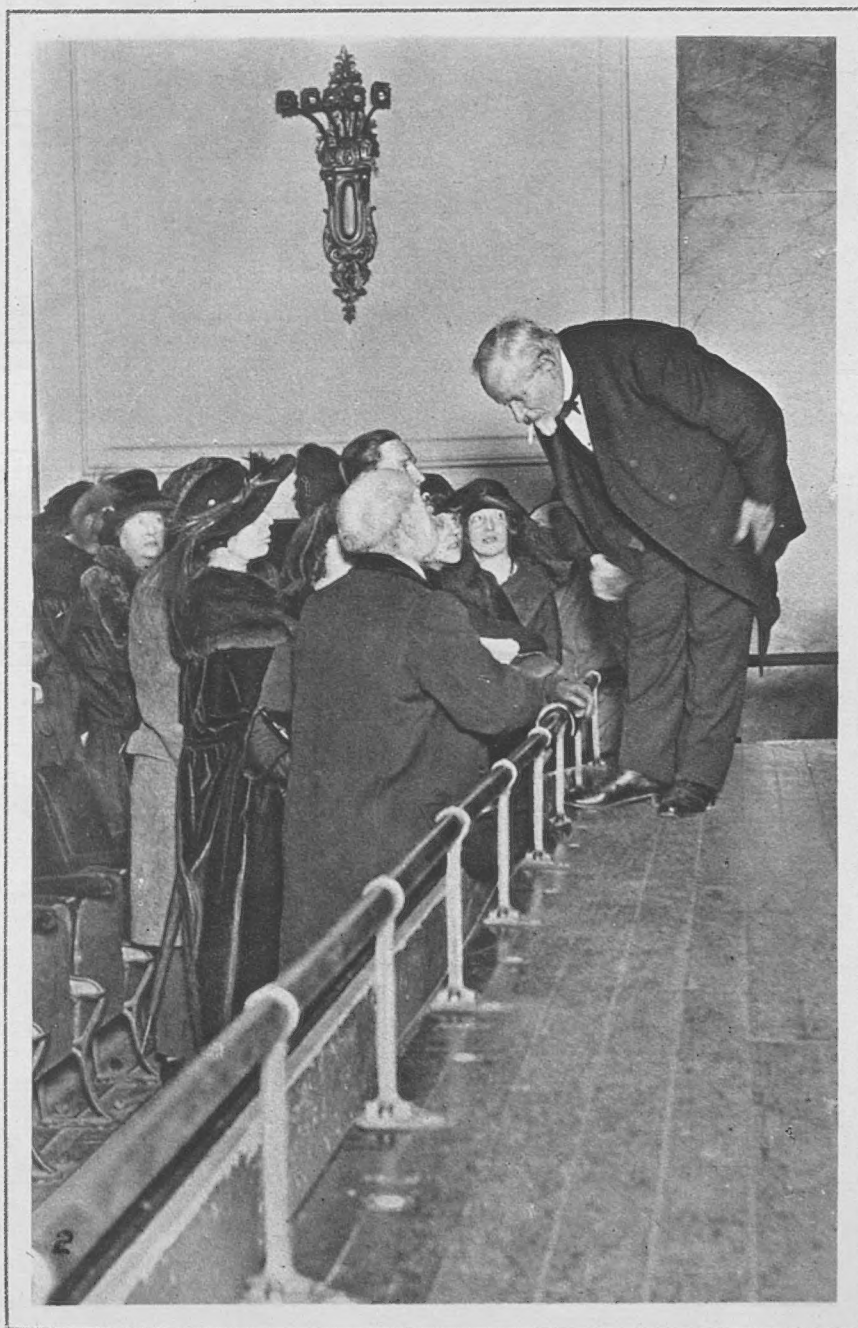
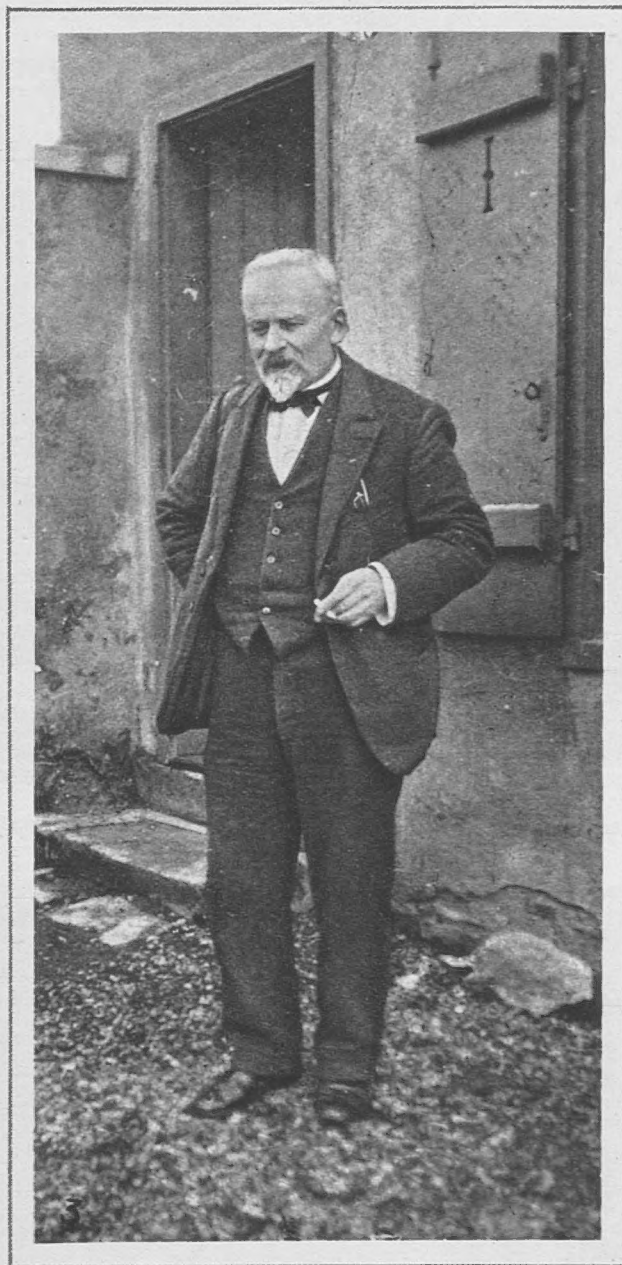
Lady Grayson, who before her marriage to Sir Henry Grayson, K.B.E., M.P., was Miss Dora Harrington, is the mother of a remarkable family of six sons and six daughters. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Miss Elfie Grayson, Lady Grayson, Miss Auriel Grayson, Michael R. Grayson, Ambrose Grayson, Ronald R. Grayson, Godfrey Grayson, Miss Angela Grayson, and Mr. Brian Grayson.—Mr. Thomas Beaumont Hohler, C.B.,



MARRIED AT MARYLEBONE REGISTER OFFICE: LORD VICTOR PAGET AND THE HON. BRIDGET COLEBROOKE.

C.M.G., of Fawkham Manor, Kent, is the son of the late Mr. H. B. Hohler. His bride is the daughter of the late Mr. William Astell, of Woodbury Hall, Sandy, and of Lady de L'Isle and Dudley.—Lord Victor Paget, son of the late Lord Alexander Paget, is heir-presumptive to his brother, the Marquess of Anglesey. His bride, the Hon. Bridget Colebrooke, is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Colebrooke.

The Creator of Coué-ism.



"I AM GETTING BETTER AND BETTER."

1. WHERE THE CURATIVE "MEETINGS" ARE HELD: THE CHÂLET AT NANCY; WITH M. COUÉ IN THE DOORWAY.
2. CONSULTING M. COUÉ AFTER HIS LECTURES: A TYPICAL SCENE AT THE WIGMORE HALL.
3. THE APOSTLE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION AT HOME: M. EMIL COUÉ.

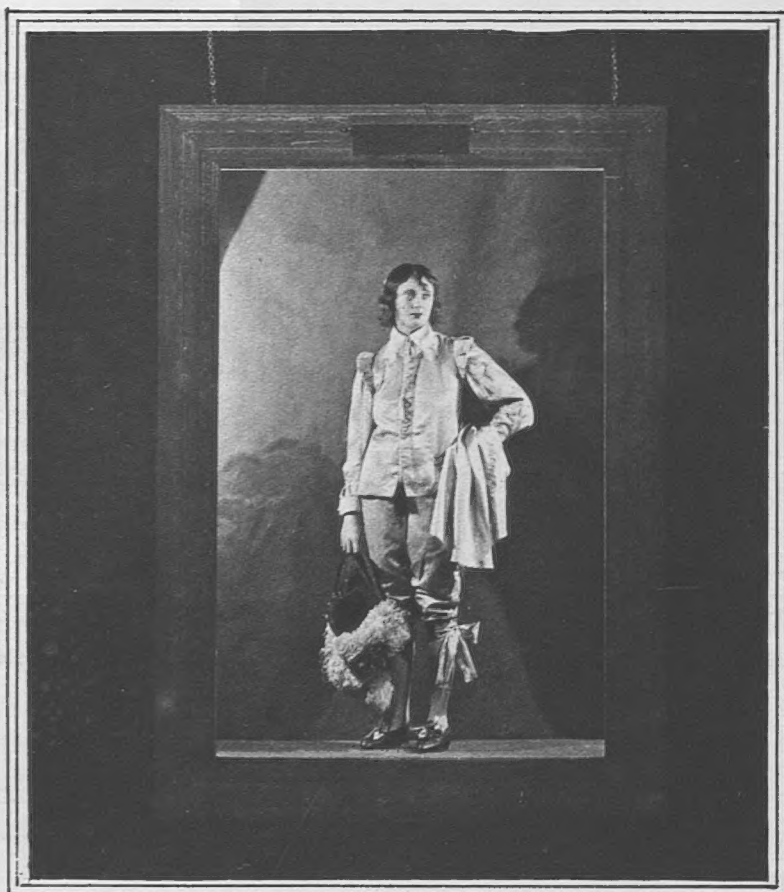
M. Coué, the French physician whose methods of cure by auto-suggestion have aroused such immense interest, has had a busy time during his second visit to England. He has lectured at Eton; and his five public lectures, two in French and three in English, are the most discussed topics of the moment. The tickets for the Wigmore Hall could have been sold two or three times over, and the rush to gain admittance to the classes for treatment was unprecedented. M. Coué could only

treat 800 people in limited classes held three times a day, so many were disappointed. It will be remembered that part of M. Coué's method is the repetition of the phrase: "Every day, in every respect, I am getting better and better." He will not allow his cures to be termed miracles. The latest form of the auto-suggestion phrase is "Day by day, in every way, I'm getting better and better," the rough rhythm being advisable.

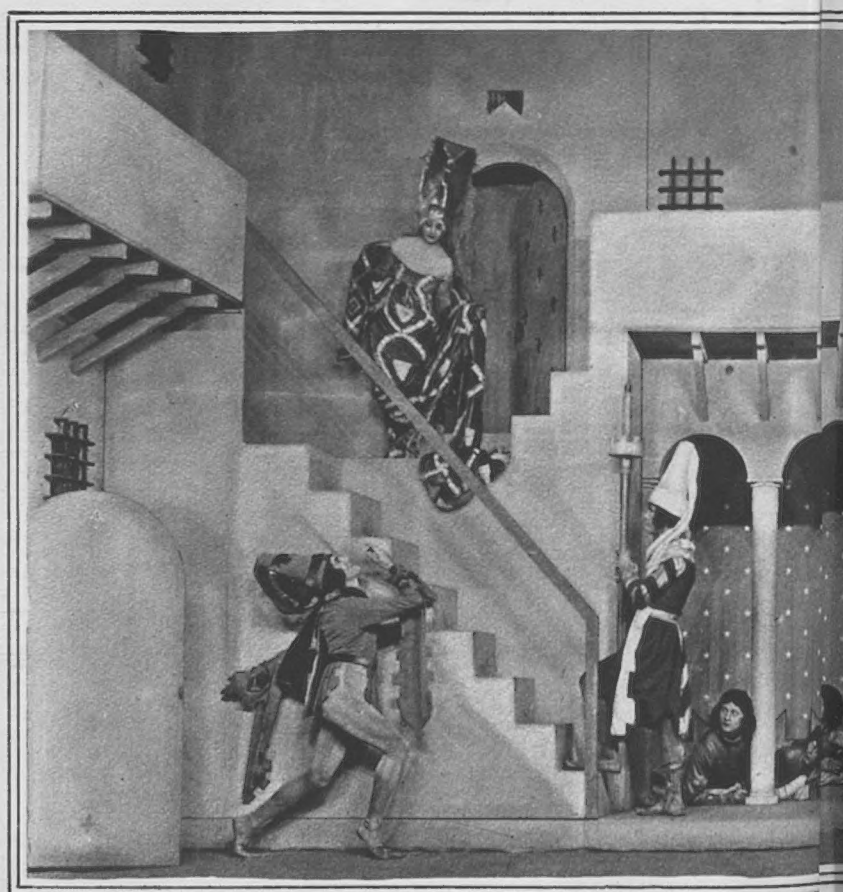
SUN-WORSHIP, COURT OF LE ROI SOLEIL, BOCCACCIO



A LEGEND OF OLD PERU: THE WONDERFUL SUN-WORSHIP BALLET OF "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE," WITH Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA AND M. STOWITTS BEFORE THE A



THE FAMOUS GAINSBOROUGH COME TO LIFE: MISS NELLIE TAYLOR IN "BLUE BOY BLUES."



BOCCACCIO AS A BALLET: THE DUCHESS (Mlle. NIKITINA) AT HER

The two important spectacles of "Mayfair and Montmartre," at the New Oxford, are laid in Peru and Versailles, and for sheer beauty are perhaps the most wonderful stage visions ever set before London audiences. Mlle. Alice Delysia wears a barbaric costume of blue beads for her dance in "The Legend of the Sun Worshippers," with M. Stowitts. In the Versailles Scene she captures the artificial beauty of the eighteenth century with success; and Mr. Fred Sylvester and his company provide a notable touch in their appearance as the Maître des Singes and monkeys. Miss Nellie Taylor makes a faithful replica of the famous Gainsborough picture of "The Blue Boy," which is now in America. "The Door of the Duchess," the ballet after

GRAND GUIGNOL: NEW OXFORD PAGEANTRY.



COMPLETE WITH THE MAÎTRE DES SINGES (MR. FRED SILVESTER) AND HIS MONKEYS: THE VERSAILLES SCENE, WITH Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA AS LA BEAUTÉ.



THE DUKE (MR. GEORGE HASSELL) RIGHT, AND GINO (M. STOWITTS) LEFT.



SORDID, GRAND-GUIGNOL TRAGEDY: LADY TREE AND Mlle. DELYSIA IN "BRED IN THE BONE."

Boccaccio, is one of the most successful scenes. Mlle. Nikitina plays the naughty Duchess; and M. Stowitts, the indiscreet page, who is seen leaving her door. The Duke is unable to discover Gino's identity in the midnight gloom, so when he lies down with the other members of the retinue, cuts one side of his hair. Gino, however, was not asleep. He discovers that he has been sheared, and repeats the operation on his companions, so the Duke cannot identify the culprit. "Bred in the Bone" is a sketch of the underworld, which gives Mlle. Delysia the opportunity of displaying her gift of powerful acting.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Ranford Ltd.]

SOCIETY AT ARBORFIELD CROSS: THE



ABOUT TO SLIP BACK INTO THE OPEN WATER
JUMP: CAPTAIN H. R. KERR ON CHRISTINE.



A SPILL IN THE RACE FOR EARL HAIG'S CUP:
MR. L. D. WATSON AND LESKA.



TAKING THE THIRD FENCE IN
YEL



TALKING TO A FRIEND:
LADY CHESHAM.



WITH MISS FORD: THE HON. MONICA
GRENFELL (RIGHT).



WITH MRS. SCOTT MURRAY AND MRS. ANDERSON: MRS. A.
MCGRATH (FORMERLY MRS. ROSITA FORBES) (RIGHT).

Lord Cavan acted as judge at the Army Point-to-Point Steeplechases, held at Arborfield Cross, near Reading, and Earl Haig was also present to see the race for his cup. Captain H. R. Kerr was third for Earl Haig's Cup on his Christine, the race being won by Lieutenant-Colonel M. Graham's Red Seal. Earl Beatty's Cup was won by Mr. A. G. Emmett's Ballyraftan, and the Hon. Roland Cubitt carried off the Prince of Wales's Cup with

ARMY POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES.



BEATTY'S CUP RACE: MR. R. L. HUTCHINS' ALLS.



CAPTAIN H. E. DE TRAFFORD'S "TOSS": FLINTLOCK COMES DOWN.



CLEARING THE LAST FENCE: THE HON. R. C. CUBITT, WHO WON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP ON LIMERICK.



WITH MRS. PELLY: CAPTAIN H. A. PELLY, WHO WAS SECOND ON SPOOK FOR THE EARL OF CAVAN'S CUP.



MARKING HER RACE-CARD ON MISS BETTY MANNERS'S BACK: LADY ROBERT MANNERS.



THE WIFE OF THE WINNER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP: THE HON. MRS. ROLAND CUBITT.

his Limerick. He is the elder son of Lord Ashcombe, and married Miss Sonia Keppel. The Hon. Monica Grenfell, elder daughter of Lord Desborough; Mrs. A. T. McGrath (formerly Mrs. Rosita Forbes), the well-known explorer; Lady Robert Manners, the widow of Lord Robert Manners, a son of the seventh Duke of Rutland, and her daughter, Miss Betty Manners, were among the well-known people present.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

Card-Playing in the Clubs.

Someone, when the Irish settlement was signed and we had hopeful visions of peace in that troublous isle, said to me, "You note: when Ireland can do what she likes, she will inaugurate roulette and baccarat casinos in her holiday resorts. The Irishman hates direct taxation, and France and Monaco have discovered that casinos compel people to pay their quota to the State funds without realising it, so to speak. Think what an influx of English visitors there would be if a casino were established on the coast just outside Dublin!"

Ireland is as yet far from settled, and in any case that particular enthusiast's vision may for ever remain a vision. But, harking back to the English love of gambling, what a lot of card-playing there is in the West End clubs at the moment. I know three first-class clubs which show a balance on the right side chiefly because of the sums received from the sale of cards and from "fines" for keeping the card-rooms open "after hours." The card-room profits of one club amounted in the year to something like £1500.

There is one old-established club which before the war had one smallish room devoted to cards. Since the war the magnificent library has become the card-room. Now that is getting crowded, and it is proposed to give the bridge-players another additional room. As billiards has had a concurrent growth of popularity, and extra billiard-tables have been installed, the remaining "silence" rooms and private dining-rooms come into the category of "threatened lives."

The old-fashioned clubman, who looked upon quietude and reposeful spaciousness as a natural adjunct to his club, is beginning to find himself out of place, and views uneasily these after-the-war developments.

A Lloyd George "Mot."

Mr. Lloyd George is one of those men whom a few days in bracing air causes to pick up any amount of lost health and vitality. He swears by the air of Criccieth, and no wonder. When he got back to Downing Street the last time he was much plumper. He gave a friendly "good day" to the door-keeper, and also bent down to pat a black Chow that had come to the front door.

"Where's the cat?" he inquired of one of the secretaries.

"I'm afraid I don't know," was the answer.

In a flash the Prime Minister delivered himself of a *mot*. "See," he said, raising both arms, "I'm like a cat come back from the woods. My claws are sharp again."

He laughed, and so did those around him, and everyone understood that the scratches must be meant for troublesome political opponents.

The Three Months.

It was at a dinner-party I was at last week. The talk upon Divorce Law reform had developed seriousness. Then a pretty and amusing lady broke in: "People are so changeable nowadays," she said. "I think the first reform should be to make the period of the decree nisi three months instead of six. So many women lose their good looks in the last three months worrying whether the man

Insomnia and Indigestion.

The other night some of us were talking of cures for the insomnia that so regularly accompanies nervous dyspepsia.

One *bon viveur* spoke of the wonders achieved by liquid paraffin, which all the doctors seem to be recommending. "Only," he added, "I don't trifle with small doses. I take a half-bottle before going to bed. Then I sleep like a babe, and, all things being equal, indigestion and sleeplessness do not worry me for a long time to come. Another man spoke up for a tablespoonful of raw oats chewed as he undressed. He smiled a superior smile when someone asked if he was having a manger installed in his bed-room.

Then a third man came along with a word for olive-oil; but it must be the best olive-

oil, not the inferior stuff obtained from unripe olives or from windfalls. "In countries like Spain and Italy," he said, "olive-oil and flour constitute the basis of the people's food. In Spain every individual consumes something like a pound of olive-oil a week. And," ran his peroration, "you don't find much indigestion in any of the countries where olive-oil comes daily into the diet."

Mr. Patrick Hastings Replies.

Mr. Patrick Hastings, K.C., and his charming, pleasant-mannered wife are industrious in their attentions to the constituents of Wallsend, which Mr. Hastings will contest as a Labour candidate at the next General Election. Mrs. Hastings has been down the mines, and confesses that she had to feel her bravest over some parts of the experience.

But a whisper! At present Mr. Hastings is working hard attuning his hearing to the local dialect, which to the Southerner seems a bewildering mixture of Scotch and English.

Had he not a clever agent, who knows the district inside out, he would be unable to understand most of the questions shot at him by the "hecklers" at his meetings. He has, however, learned one useful piece of electioneering tactics. The agent taught it to him.

A man at the end of the room asked his opinion on the need for Divorce Reform. The only word Mr. Hastings could catch was "Divorce." The agent tugged at his coat. "Ask him," he whispered quickly, "whether he wants divorce reform to get rid of his wife, or whether she wants to get rid of him." The K.C. responded with blind loyalty to his counsellor's suggestion. The questioner in his turn was bewildered and silenced; and now Mr. Hastings knows what to do.



WINNER OF THE GOLD CUP AT THE R.A. MEETING, FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. H. GIBBON AND HIS CARADOC II.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Gibbon again this year won the Gold Cup at the Gunners' Meeting at Sandown with his Caradoc II. Last year he was the hero of a remarkable sporting feat. He won the Gold Cup at Sandown, changed hurriedly, and tore off to Putney in a car to see the Cambridge crew, whom he had been coaching, win the Boat Race. He is an old Cambridge stroke.

Photograph by Rouch.

will have tired of them by the time they are both free to marry again."

Sir Arthur Balfour's Way.

Sir Arthur Balfour, soon to have an Earldom accompanying his K.G., has a most charming way with him when he wants to avoid questioners. I hear of a young Varsity man, out at Cannes for a recuperative holiday, who ventured the other day to ask the veteran statesman his views on the current political situation.

"Young man," replied Sir Arthur, with all his known grace of manner, "I am here for a holiday.

"And," he added, "I hope that you are, also."

Coo-ee, or, Better and Better!



THE PATIENT: Something's gone wrong with my right arm, doctor: yesterday I could lift it as high as this, and now I can't lift it at all.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



Tales with a sting.

THE ATTRACTION.

By ESMÉ WYNNE-TYSON.

MATHILDA SWIBBLE, gazing round the brilliantly lit dining-room of the Hotel Exe, where she and her husband were wintering, suddenly became aware of the proximity and ardent gaze of a young Frenchman seated at the table directly opposite her—facts which caused a flutter in Mathilda's romantic but by no means girlish breast.

It was her undying hope of romance which had led Mathilda to insist upon spending the winter on the Riviera, and made her display her rather ample charms in brightly lighted ball-rooms, casinos, and hotels.

As she looked across at the young, olive-skinned foreigner and smiled faintly into his eloquent eyes she felt that, for once, these charms had not been exerted in vain.

This knowledge made her pinker than ever, and she talked quite vivaciously to her husband, the stolid and completely unresponsive James Swibble.

After dinner they went to the Casino. To Mathilda's delight, the young Frenchman sat almost next to them at the baccarat table, and when some slight misunderstanding occurred between James and the *changeur*, he gallantly came to the Swibbles' aid. After which they naturally fell into conversation, and, soon after, entered the ball-room together, where Gustav Morelle begged the honour to dance with Madame.

They did not dance for long. After a few ineffectual struggles with Madame's figure and her determined ideas on jazz, Gustav suggested that they should go somewhere and talk. He felt he could talk to Madame—she was so *spirituelle*, so *sympathique*. Madame was charmed to be so well understood.

They found a comparatively secluded corner, and Mathilda, assured of her conquest by the look of flattering interest in his eyes, rallied her companion coyly. Why did M'sieur waste his time with an old married woman? Would he not prefer to be dancing with the dainty Mam'selle now tripping round the room in M'sieur Swibble's arms?

Gustav smiled sweetly. He could not be happier anywhere than he was at the moment. The English liked young girls—the buds not yet in bloom, was it not? For him they held no attraction. He only adored the full-blown blossom which had known the kisses of other suns.

Mathilda found such a description of herself intensely flattering, especially the suggestion that her suns had been in the plural instead of the one, rather uninteresting James.

For the next fortnight Gustav accompanied the Swibbles everywhere.

"You've made a conquest, my dear," James remarked jocularly to his wife, though actually he imagined that his conversation, consisting mainly of stocks, shares, and the price of things, was what really attracted Gustav. For the rest, he was glad that Mathilda was entertained; it gave him more leisure to enjoy his own affairs. And when, at the end of two weeks, he was summoned to Paris on business, he left his wife more or less in the young Frenchman's charge.

The mocking "Be good" with which he departed rang irritatingly in Mathilda's ears. He obviously thought the injunction superfluous. How dared he be so sure of her incapacity to charm? She could show him!

She became kinder than ever to Gustav. The other guests at the hotel grew quite interested in the affair. Mathilda pitied him, but felt very happy and triumphant.

Once he asked how James dared trust her alone. Mathilda explained that English husbands were always so certain of their wives, and that James certainly feared no loss.

"He has wrong," Gustav assured her gravely.

The days passed, but still he made no actual declaration, although his sighs and wistful glances spoke eloquently for him. But, four nights before her husband's proposed return, Mathilda felt that a crisis was imminent. She dressed herself with special care and wore a rope of pearls, the purchase of which had made her and her husband famous. Gustav liked her best in elaborate clothes.

She found him looking more than usually pale and dejected. During the evening she tenderly asked him the reason of his gloom, inwardly forestalling his answer.

After a pregnant silence, he turned passionately mournful eyes upon her and confessed that it was love—hopeless love.

"Is love ever hopeless?" Madame queried daringly.

"Sometimes, when the object is too coldly pure. Your pure woman understands so little."

"Not always——" Then Madame was quite overcome by her forwardness and rose to go. The young man seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Oh, if Madame only knew!"

"Gustav!" escaped Mathilda's lips. Then, drawing her hand away, she escaped. It was really too much. In spite of her romantic soul, Mathilda had, so far, always been a virtuous wife.

But, alone in her room, she remembered James: James, who was so insultingly sure of her, and who must be taught that, even if he didn't, other people admired roses—full blown. Besides, Gustav was adorable; she would enjoy his declaration.

She must make him see that your pure woman sometimes—understands. In order to do this she would have to see him alone, but she disliked the thought of being obvious.

On the principle that in France one should do as the French do, Mathilda adopted what, to her, seemed a Continental method.

At dinner the next night she appeared wearing her emeralds, at Gustav's request. She was hardly seated at their mutual table when she called attention to the fact that she had brought her door key with her by mistake. During the meal she allowed it to fall, with her gloves, to the floor. Gustav returned the gloves. Nothing was said.

Just as they were about to start for the Casino, Gustav excused himself for a moment. There was something he must fetch from his room. Mathilda waited with a paper—the print dancing before her eyes—for five or ten minutes; she took no count of time until he rejoined her.

She never knew how that evening passed. She was conscious of visiting the boules and baccarat tables, and of Gustav's eyes. But only dimly. They parted in the lounge of the hotel in silence, Gustav pressing her hand in both of his.

Somehow she reached her room. She had to ring for the chambermaid to admit her, and murmured vague things about leaving her key on her dressing-table. This mundane interlude rather brought her to her senses, and, once inside, she began pacing up and down the floor in great perturbation.

She felt she had been foolish. After all, a key implied more than she had intended

to imply. All she wanted was the joy of temptation and the triumph of refusal. But Gustav was French. She ought to have taken that into account. Foreigners were so emotional. Supposing he made a scene. . . .

She grew more and more nervous. Her hands felt quite moist with fright. What a fool she had been to risk it!

Half an hour passed. There was no sign of Gustav. She prepared to don a *négligé* and, taking off her emeralds, went to put them in her jewel-case when, abruptly, she stopped. The case was open, forced open. Hurriedly she opened the drawer where she kept the famous pearls. They were gone, but an envelope addressed to her lay in their stead.

She opened it tremblingly. Her door-key fell out, and another envelope. A sheet of paper covered with scrawled writing claimed her attention.

DEAR MADAME (it ran)—I return you your key, for which I have no longer any use. I thank you for the loan. Pause, Madame, before you ring for the manager. For, reflect, how could the "thief" have entered without Madame's key? And how came it that M'sieur, her so ardent lover, was in possession of the key? M'sieur your husband would ask himself that, *comme tout le monde*. . . .

Again, to use the ugly word "theft" would be wrong. I have obliged Madame. She has obliged penniless me. For two weeks my attentions have given her the credit of possessing a lover. If she show M'sieur Swibble the enclosed note he will believe in her attractions, in which, it is obvious, he has lost faith.

It is all so simple, Madame. M'sieur Morelle departs because of his so broken heart, *n'est-ce pas*? Two days later Madame loses her delightful pearls on, say, the terrace of the Casino. Or where Madame will. No one can then connect M'sieur Morelle with a devotion for anything so mundane as a few jewels. No, his devotion was all for Madame.

Madame is *spirituelle*, she will see. She will not ring for the manager, *n'est-ce pas*?

The note enclosed ran:

SWEET LADY—I go because I do not trust myself to stay. I wish not to earn your undying hate by exposing my undying love to your virtuous soul.

Because I leave you I can sign myself,
Your devoted
GUSTAV MORELLE.

Mathilda did not ring the bell. Quite vividly in her imagination rang James's odiously scornful voice:

"Fancy thinking you were the attraction. The jewels I buy you more like it!"

And the other women in the hotel would refer to her as "that foolish old woman. . . ."

Gustav was safe.

The mysterious disappearance of the Swibble pearls was a nine days' Press wonder. Madame had lost them on the terrace of the Casino the night before her husband's return from Paris. She was accompanied by a woman friend who was above suspicion.

However, they were insured, and with the insurance money, James Swibble bought his wife an even better rope. Her photograph, wearing them, appeared in all the fashionable periodicals.

But the reason for this extravagant gift was never known to anyone but Mathilda; and perhaps the writer of the note which had renewed James's respect for his wife and given her new value in his eyes.

THE END.



LADY LAVERY.

A MINIATURE BY ALFRED PRAGA, R.B.A., PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF MINIATURISTS.

This beautiful min'ature of Lady Lavery is her latest portrait, and is a striking likeness, as well as a good example of the art of Mr. Alfred Praga, President of the Society of Miniaturists. Lady Lavery, who is the wife of Sir John Lavery, R.A., one of our most distinguished artists, is also herself an artist. She held her first public exhibition of her work in conjunction with her husband, at the Galleries of the Alpine Club, last year, and "Sketch" readers will remember that in a recent issue we published a very interesting portrait of Mr. Michael Collins, the well-known Southern Irish leader, by Lady Lavery. Lady Lavery is also a clever speaker, and won great admiration for her powers of oratory when she opened the Oldhampton Spring Art Exhibition in February.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY ALFRED PRAGA. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED BY THE ARTIST.

The Club which Formed the Rugby Union.



A GREAT RIVAL OF BLACKHEATH SINCE 1861: THE RICHMOND R.F.C.

The Richmond Rugby Club first played on the village green about 1861, under a code known as the Harrow Rules. Together with Blackheath (always a great rival of theirs), Richmond formed the Rugby Union, and also brought about the abolition of the packing system. Richmond has always been a stronghold of the game, and counts among its famous

players Mr. E. Temple Garden, who first played for England in 1873. He has been President of the Club for many years, and is keenly devoted to its best interests. Other famous Richmond Internationals are Mr. A. Rotherham, Mr. W. E. Bromet, Mr. C. A. Hooper, Mr. R. O. Schwartz, Mr. F. M. Stout, and Mr. R. M. Goodman.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

This Week's Studdy.



"AS MASTER SEES ME!"

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.





COLONEL BELOVAR, OF "THE LADY OF THE ROSE": MR. HARRY WELCHMAN.

Mr. Harry Welchman has so often sung sweetly to us as the blameless hero of musical comedy that it comes as a surprise to find him disguised as a wicked and ferocious Austrian Colonel; but he has never been seen to better advantage than as Colonel Belovar, the villain of the new musical comedy at Daly's, "The Lady of the Rose." His acting

is thoroughly convincing, his voice is at its best, and he makes the rôle live in a thoroughly artistic manner. London has, in fact, seldom been offered a more excellent show than "The Lady of the Rose." There is drama, pathos, laughter, and melody in the production, and the cast is A1.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.

The Sketch. April 5, 1922

The Mantilla in Society.



ENGAGED TO MR. GEORGE PHILIPPI: MISS ELITA DE BITTENCOURT.

Miss Elita de Bittencourt, the younger of the two beautiful daughters of Don Julio and Mme. de Bittencourt, is engaged to Mr. George Philippi of Crawley Court, near Winchester. Our photograph shows the bride-to-be wearing a white mantilla, the ceremonial dress of her ancestors' country, Spain, for though Don Julio de Bittencourt is one of the

Attachés of the Chilean Legation, the de Bittencourts are of pure Spanish descent, like many old South American families. Miss de Bittencourt's elder sister is the Countess of Lisburne. Miss de Bittencourt is an active worker in the cause of charities, and blossomed out as a poster artist to help one of the funds in which she is interested.

The Mantilla on the Stage.



DOÑA SOL OF "BLOOD AND SAND": MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY.

Miss Lillah McCarthy is not only one of our greatest "vamps of the stage," to use an Americanism, but is also one of the few English actresses endowed with a genius for the wearing of period or national costumes. Our photograph shows her as Doña Sol, the siren of the play of the Spanish bull-ring, "Blood and Sand," which will be

withdrawn from the New Theatre on April 8, after a very successful run, to make room for the revival of "Mr. Wu," with Mr. Matheson Lang and Miss Lilian Braithwaite in their original parts of Mr. Wu and Mrs. Gregory. Our photograph shows Miss Lillah McCarthy wearing the white mantilla which is the ceremonial dress of Spanish ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY RUSSELL.

The Daughter-in-Law of a Fifth Baronet.



FORMERLY MISS ENID DUDLEY WARD : MRS. ALLAN ADAIR.

Mrs. Allan Henry Shafto Adair is the wife of Mr. Allan Henry Shafto Adair, M.C., late Grenadier Guards, only son of Sir Robert Shafto Adair, fifth Baronet, of Flixton Hall, Suffolk. She was married in 1919, and

is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Humble Dudley Ward, and of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward. The Dudley Wards belong to the family of the Earls of Dudley, and Mrs. Adair is a niece of the present Lord Esher.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.



The Navy Entertains.

Have you ever tried to board one of his Majesty's ships in Villefranche Bay in bad weather? I have, and it is not at all pleasant. Although Villefranche is supposed to be one of the few delectable natural harbours, it *can* be extremely rough—so much so, in fact, that the party given by Admiral Niblack on board the American flag-ship *Utah* had to be postponed the other day owing to bad weather. Therefore—and this is my point, though I admit I have been some time coming to it—when I received an invitation from the Captain and officers of H.M.S. *Thunderer* (lying at Villefranche), and saw from the notice in the corner of the card that "Boats leave the shore from 8.45 p.m.," I was full of fears. A trip from the landing-stage to the ship *in the dark*... if it be rough? Ugh! However, the elements were kind, and on the night in question a perfectly calm sea and a clear, starlit sky were our happy lot.

Many Attractions.

But dancing was not the only thing provided for our entertainment. There was a cinema show, and bridge for those who felt inclined. Seeing that there are some 140 cadets in the *Thunderer* (which is a training ship), dancing was the main thing, and *we all did it*. The guns and ventilators were, of course, a bit of a nuisance (why *will* they have these stupid things dotted about?), but skilful steering on the well French-chalked deck made these but sporting hazards. One does not expect a kind of gipsy encampment atmosphere in a battleship, but on the boat-deck—what do you think? A huge brazier, with an equally huge pot a-boiling above it! No, there was no soup in it, but just hot water to give a life-like air!

The Hon. Sir John and Lady Ward came with the Duke of Connaught's party, and Lady Ward did quite a lot of dancing.

Lady Sarah Wilson, in white with an ermine stole, sat by the Royal guest some time; and others I came upon were the Hon. Sir Sidney Greville, who had been dining with the Duke; the Countess of Londesborough, with much blue tulle, some wrapped turban-wise round her head; Mr. Graham Montgomery; Sir Berkeley Sheffield; Miss Violet Stanley, the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Stanley's pretty daughter, in pale-blue and an ermine stole; and several more of the little coterie that has been the stay and prop of the Riviera this season. Captain Mackenzie managed to dance too, although he had strained his knee playing tennis at Lady Eva Wemyss's villa that afternoon; and amongst the officers I really must mention Lieutenant Victor Crutchley, R.N., whose full fair beard makes it hard to believe he is but in the middle twenties. By the way, that hairy decoration is *supposed* to have been specially grown by him for the purpose of posing as a Hun at Zeebrugge, where he won the V.C.; but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this, as cadets are sometimes very naughty and are fond of inventing stories!

By Car to Monte Carlo.

A delightful finish to a delightful evening was the motor drive back to Monte Carlo along the deserted winding white roads, with the perfume of stocks and mimosa heavy in the air.

The enlargement of the roulette-room at the Sporting Club seems popular, but I do hope they will not go in for any more alterations as to size, for if so it will lose the *intime* nature which is its great attraction. We all know what happened in regard to the Casino, which gradually grew and grew—larger and larger, one

might even say, room after room being built—till, reaching the sea, it could go no further and became the vast and impressive building we now know. Many of us like the crowd and bustle of the Casino; but there are gamblers who prefer to play in an *intime* atmosphere, and so patronise the Sporting Club. When the present M. Blanc inaugurated this select circle—in the villa which had

in its day been the residence of the original M. Blanc—he very wisely did it on private-house lines, and its elegant salons are quite un-casino like with their thick carpets, beautiful chairs, and so forth. It is unique, and long may it remain so!

Habitues of Monte.

Did I last week say that Samya dances at the Café de Paris? Somehow, I fancy I did; but, if so, I was wrong, for it is Sonia, and Samya is at Ciro's—but if they *will* have these similar Russian names, *que voulez-vous*? All these dancers are very attractive, and it has to be a very fine afternoon indeed which keeps people outside the Café de Paris while the dancers are performing inside.

Old habitues are still very faithful to Monte

Carlo. Mme. Ephrussi, for instance; she is well remembered, with her hair white even when she was quite young. *Née* a Rothschild, she was one of its well-known *élégantes*, and is still to be seen everywhere. Then there is Mrs. Arthur Wilson, a frequent visitor from her villa at Beaulieu. Really, I am entranced by her wonderful and varied head-dresses, which it would be unfair to call caps, so elaborate are they. And with them and her trailing dresses she wears the biggest rows of pearls with the weightiest of diamond necklaces—truly a remarkable old lady.



AT THE MANDELIEU POLO CLUB: THE HON. MRS. D. LESLIE-MELVILLE.

The Hon. Mrs. David Leslie Melville is the wife of Captain the Hon. David Leslie Melville.—[Photograph by Le Noir.]



WITH ONE OF THE POLO PONIES AT CANNES: MRS. J. M. ROBERTSON.

This charming snapshot was taken at the Mandelieu Polo Club. The Riviera polo season, which is now over, has been very good this year.

Photograph by Le Noir.

On Board the "Thunderer."

Naturally, all the arrangements were as perfect as could be, for were they not done in true "Navy fashion"? On the winding road leading down from the main route were stationed *matelots* at each crucial turning, who, doubtless fearing to tackle the intricacies of a foreign tongue, transformed themselves into human guide-posts with outstretched arms to indicate the way. Transported in a spick-and-span launch, I arrived on board, to be greeted by Captain Colin Mackenzie, R.N., and a crowd of cadets, each more anxious than the other to provide me with programme and pencil. The ship had been wondrously transformed, and looked delightful. To the music of the marine band we started dancing at once, and carried on industriously till close upon ten o'clock, when lo! the bugles sounded—and we stopped. The Duke of Connaught had arrived! By the side of the Captain his Royal Highness stood, with that calm repose with which the fairies evidently endow royalties at their birth, and waited while the bugler played a fanfare—I



A BRIDE-ELECT AT THE MANDELIEU POLO CLUB: MISS ELITA DE BITTENCOURT.

Miss Elita de Bittencourt's engagement to Mr. George Philippi was announced last week, and a full-page photograph of her appears in another part of "The Sketch."

Photograph by Le Noir.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

A Terrific Subject.

I am impelled to address you this week on the awful subject of Shakespeare. In order to get myself in the right frame of mind for writing about Shakespeare, I have fasted for a week and eschewed the company of ordinary men. As for prayer, that goes without saying.

The English are amusing on many things, but never more delightful than when the name of Shakespeare is mentioned. I have only once heard a man quite frank about Shakespeare. We were talking in a provincial town of the theatrical feast promised for the forthcoming week. I told him that the Theatre Royal was offering a round of Shakespearean plays. "Oh," said he, very heartily. "Well I *shan't* patronise that." And he didn't.

That man was exceptional. The average man would have pretended that he would strain every nerve to see at least one of the Shakespearean productions—and then given them a complete miss. The average man and the average woman feel guilty, from year's end to year's end, about Shakespeare. They don't like his works, and they know they don't like them; but they know they ought to like them. They have been taught from babyhood that Shakespeare was the greatest writer the world has ever produced, and they are proud of the fact that he was an Englishman. They would love to love his works, but they can't—unless the powder is smothered with church organs, and imposing processions, and dancing fairies, and floods of mellifluous music, and wonderful pictures of forests and gardens.

Shakespeare, therefore, really makes for unhappiness in this country. The glorious legacy of his plays is nullified by the concomitant legacy of a guilty English conscience. The question is never allowed to rest. "What about Shakespeare? Where are the plays of Shakespeare? Where is the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre? Why are not the plays of Shakespeare performed every night all the year round?" So it goes on—nag, nag, nag.

There are Others.

I confess that I get a little tired of this continual nagging about Shakespeare. I began my education in Shakespeare at a very early age. Brought up at Henley-in-Arden, seven miles only from Stratford-upon-Avon, which was our market town, I knew every brick and beam of Shakespeare's birthplace before I was ten years old. The Tomb, and the Museum, and "New Place," and Ann Hathaway's Cottage were equally familiar to me. All our visitors, of course, had to "do" Stratford, and I was the luckless guide. To this day I cannot look at a picture of Shakespeare's House or Ann Hathaway's Cottage without getting a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach.

Oddly enough, all this shrine-work did not put me off the plays. Mr. Benson and his

athletic troupe had no more devoted follower than myself. It was done at a minimum of cost. One rode over to Stratford on one's bicycle; the storage of the bicycle at the inn cost threepence—unless the ostler was having his tea when one left, in which case it cost nothing; the front row of the gallery cost one shilling; and programmes were a penny—or you could copy the names of the players from the day-bill outside the cobbler's shop in your village before starting.

I saw nearly all the actable Shakespearean plays in that way, which was not bad for a youth of fifteen, unaccompanied. And I have seen most of them since, many times. My personal conscience, therefore, is not so

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

Just a word now about the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, from which I shall drift, with all the ease and naturalness in the world, into a dissertation on a new book by Mr. Granville Barker entitled "The Exemplary Theatre."

We have all been told, and we all admit the truth of it, that England will never be able to look other nations in the face until a magnificent theatre has been built in London to be known as the "Shakespeare Memorial Theatre," in which nightly performances will be given of Shakespeare's plays to massed audiences of earnest Shakespearean students.

Good. We all, as I say, admit it. But we do not all admit—at any rate, I don't, for one—that no millionaire is entitled to lay his little head on his little white pillow until he has planked down the money for such a theatre. *It is not the business of any millionaire to do anything of the sort.* If he did, I can assure him here and now that such a theatre would be a dead failure, artistic and financial.

And why? Because when the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre is built it must be built as England herself has been built—by the English people. When the English people feel that they can no longer tolerate the non-existence of a Shakespeare Theatre, then such a theatre will be built, and then it will be magnificently successful. But you don't get converts by building churches. You get your converts first, and then you build a church in which they can assemble and worship. So it must be with the National Theatre. Let all millionaires rest easy to-night—so far as Shakespeare is concerned.

Now for Mr. Granville Barker, with whom I propose to break a couple of lances. You may remember that Mr. Barker, in partnership with Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, ran the little Court Theatre on repertory lines during the years 1904-1907. It so happened that during those very years I was the dramatic critic of the daily paper with the largest circulation in this country; and the full weight of my youthful enthusiasm, backed by the power of that huge circulation, was thrown into the scale on the side of Vedrenne and Barker. I don't say that I praised every mortal thing they produced—some of Mr. Shaw's plays annoyed me excessively—but for three years I was an out-and-out supporter, and a very valuable one, of the nearest approach we have had yet in this country to the Ideal Theatre.

I merely mention that because you will realise that I am in no way prejudiced against Mr. Granville Barker; on the contrary.

The best part of "The Exemplary Theatre," in my humble opinion, is the Preface. It is the best part because it is written without swank, and is therefore explicit, honest, and direct. It is the best part because it places on record an attempt made by Mr. Granville Barker and some of his friends, about twenty years ago, to establish in this country a

(Continued overleaf.)



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS AUDREY JAMES AND CAPTAIN DUDLEY COATS: THE BRIDAL GROUP AFTER THE CEREMONY AT THE ORATORY.

The marriage of Captain Dudley Coats, second son of Sir Stuart and Lady Coats, of Ballathie, Perthshire, to Miss Audrey James, youngest daughter of Mrs. Brinton, of West Dean Park, Sussex, and of the late Mr. "Willie" James, was one of the most important social events of the pre-Easter season. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom, with the best man, Major Sir Victor Mackenzie, Bt., Scots Guards, who, it will be remembered, acted as best man to Viscount Lascelles; the page, Master Ivor Colquhoun; and some of the bridesmaids—Lady Ursula and Lady Isobel Manners, Lady Alexandra Cavendish-Bentinck, the Hon. Daphne Finch-Hatton, Miss Mary Leigh, Miss Eloise Innes-Ker, Miss Audrey Howard, and Miss Cressida Bonham-Carter. The bride wore an exquisite gown of silver tissue veiled with silver lace.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

troubled as the average English conscience, and I make bold to say this. For an Elizabethan dramatist, whose talk is not as our talk, whose people are not as our people, whose humour is certainly not as our humour, I think—staving off half-bricks and rusty kettles—that Shakespeare gets a very fair show in this bullied and hectored twentieth century. After all, he is dead, and some of us still living have written a few plays.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"LOYALTIES"; AND "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" (ST. MARTIN'S)

One of the best Galsworthy plays, dealing with a theft case in high Society. Excellent characterisation and capital acting throughout; especially in the case of the two dual rôles, played by Mr. J. H. Roberts and Mr. Ben Field. Followed by Barrie's very amusing "unfinished" work.

"THE LADY OF THE ROSE" (DALY'S).

The best Daly piece since the war. Good music and, for a change, an interesting plot. Especially notable for a fine performance by Harry Welchman. Phyllis Dare and Huntley Wright at their best.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

"ORPHANS OF THE STORM" (SCALA).

A Griffith film play of the French Revolution, of the very best type, convincing and exciting.

EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

1. "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

2. "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

3. "THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).

The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

4. "ROUND IN 50" (LONDON HIPPODROME).

Most amusing, and charmingly spectacular. A very modern sequel to Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days." George Robey at his best; and excellent work by Barry Lupino, Renee Reel, and others.

5. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).

A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained.

6. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years. (Last weeks.)

7. "MIXED MARRIAGE" (ALDWYCH).

The Irish Players in St. John Ervine's drama, with a not-too-cheerful ending. Roman Catholic and Protestant in Belfast. Preceded by "Hyacinth Halvey," Lady Gregory's brilliant one-act comedy.

8. "THE SILVER BOX" (COURT).

Galsworthy's famous play. A phase of life photographically set forth.

9. GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).

An interesting series of plays.

10. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).

Mr. Cochran's successful revue. Second attractive version.



THE "UNFINISHED" BARRIE PLAY WHICH FOLLOWS "LOYALTIES": "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

1. "POT LUCK" (VAUDEVILLE). Revue *intime*.

2. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).

Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson and other clever people.

3. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).

Sir J. M. Barrie's early 19th century play.

4. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).

An amusing "Follyish" show.

5. "THE YELLOW JACKET" (KINGSWAY).

A welcome revival, with Benrimo himself as the bored Property Man.

6. "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

Interesting as being a new Pinero play. Otherwise undistinguished.

7. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).

A triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmuttery comedian, Harry Green.

8. "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE" (NEW OXFORD).

With Delysia. Chiefly notable for certain charming scenic effects, pageantry, and dresses.

9. "THE CURATE'S EGG" (AMBASSADORS).

Verbal fireworks, Arthur Wimperis brand; not always displayed to the best advantage by those letting them off. Mainly Nelson Keys, who is at his best in his strictly "character" studies. Irene Russell attractive. Tuneful music by Herman Finck. An "egg" likely to get fresher as it gets older.

10. "THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES" (GARRICK).

French farce, "boiled down" and mixed with sentiment. Mr. Seymour Hicks as a light-hearted aristocrat, broke to the wide, winning back his wife—charming Miss Barbara Hoffs. Mr. Stanley Logan decidedly funny.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments quite

worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "The Golden Moth"; "Cairo"; "Rockets"; and "Nightie Night." None of these "mentions" is paid for. Productions too late for this list will be "placed" in our next number. "Other People's Troubles" is not placed, as we have not seen it.

(Continued.)

"National Theatre." The attempt was a pathetic one, and the result, naturally, was pathetic.

Six gentlemen formed themselves into a committee. One of them is not known to me, but all the others I know either personally or by reputation. With the exception



AT THE POLO CLUB AT MANDELIEU :
MRS. DE BEAUCHAMP, MRS. LONGWORTH,
AND MRS. SMARTT.

Our photograph, which was taken at the Polo Club, shows spectators arriving at the ground.

Photograph by Le Noir.

of the unknown gentleman, of whom I cannot speak, I do not find one who is in touch with the average British playgoer. Their business abilities may be marvellous, and I have no doubt of their sincerity; but do you suppose that heaven is going to help any movement towards a National Theatre when the people behind the movement are cut off by a solid wall of intellectual prejudice from the citizens who compose the Nation?

The Money They Wanted.

You have only to read Mr. Barker's ingenuous confession of the way they proposed to set to work. The first thing they wanted—not the last thing, mind you, but the first thing—was money. A lot of money! No less a sum than £350,000! And for what? For a scheme which existed merely in the imaginations of these six ardent gentlemen, not one of whom had a heart-beat in common with the multitudes to whom they would eventually look to fill their benches!

I believe they honestly dreamt—if a dream can be honest—that some stupid millionaire in search of a peerage or a baronetcy would hand them £350,000 and say: "Gentlemen, I am proud to be associated with you in this Great Work. Take my money and do with it as you will. Produce your own plays and the plays of your friends and attendant sycophants. Act when you feel inclined; rehearse at your leisure; tour when and where you will; pay yourselves salaries as Directors. But never, never, never show me a balance-sheet or consult me in any way whatever."

That millionaire has not yet turned up, and he never will. No fool ever amassed a million, and nobody but a fool would put down his money to build and endow a theatre for which no public existed.

How to Get a National Theatre.

If Mr. Granville Barker is still keen on a National Theatre, I can tell him how to get it. First of all, he must go and wash in Jordan seven times. He must forget that he ever lectured at Liverpool University. He must cut right out of his system all pedantry, and affectation of intellectual superiority, and phrase-making for

the sake of sound. Then his flesh will come again like unto the flesh of a little child.

He will next cast his memory back to the years 1904-1907. He will begin to see that the work he did at the little Court Theatre was infinitely better, infinitely finer, than anything he could achieve in a horrible palace of a place built and endowed by a millionaire. He will look for a man with some artistic ideals, leavened with a sound working knowledge of double-entry.

To this man he will say: "Let us start at the beginning. Let us get the smallest place in the humblest thoroughfare, and gradually rebuild all that has been lost. Let us select our plays, not for their intellectual swagger, not for the snobbish whiff of foreign names, not for their appeal to 'Souls' and others of the non-paying push; let us select them for their truth, their simplicity, their humanity. Then shall all else be added unto us—with luck."

If he refuses to do that, if he insists on being presented with an Endowed and Pampered Theatre for the Leisurely Indulgence of Intellectual Callisthenics, I warn him solemnly—and I am not often solemn—that his next book will be even gloomier than the present. In which case I doubt if I should have the heart—or the patience—to review it.

A First Novel. The first thing I have to say about Mr. E. V. Odle's first novel, "The History of Alfred Rudd,"



WITH LORD WESTBURY: THE HON. S. R. BERESFORD AND MRS. BERESFORD.

The Hon. Seton Robert Beresford is a brother of Lord Decies. He married Miss Joan Graves-Sawle in 1915. Lord Westbury is the third Baron, and has recently been at Monte Carlo.

Photograph by Navello.

is that the picture on the jacket is not fair to the book, the author, or the public. It would lead you to suppose that "The History of Alfred Rudd" was a wildly comic affair about amateur gardening. Nothing of the sort. The book is not comic. It is not intended to be comic. It is intended to be a veracious life-story in the style of "Kipps." And I advise Mr. Odle to insert in all his future contracts a neat little clause empowering him to reject the design for the jacket if it fails to meet with his approval. It is quite easy to ruin a good book with a bad jacket, though I don't say the one under discussion is as bad as all that.

Mr. Odle has lots of the qualities that bring success—with luck—to the writer of fiction. He has humour, he has an eye for an effectively eccentric character—a dangerous gift—and he seems to have met a variety of personages of the "underworld."

His chief fault is a blind faith in the methods of other authors. Because So-and-So likes to "analyse" his characters—a horrible mannerism which holds up any story—Mr. Odle feels compelled to do it. We

get three solid pages of type about Emma's feelings. She then enters the hairdresser's establishment, and off we go once more.

And stout is not "dark, foaming liquid." Well, it is, I daresay, but we don't want to hear about that. Stout is stout. "She poured out the stout."

Get me, Mr. Odle? Good luck, anyway.

"The Jewel in the Lotus." There are an enormous number of people in these islands, chiefly of the feminine sex, who imagine that all the troubles of life would be solved if they could get far away from England to some vast, rather wild place across the seas. That is known as an indefinite yearning.

This is the public to which the books and the lectures of Mrs. Rosita Forbes appeal. Learned scientists, of course, members of the Royal Geographical Society, are also interested in the writings and doings of this wonderful lady, but they form a comparatively small public. You would not sell many editions of a novel if you relied solely on gentlemen of advanced learning.

"The Jewel in the Lotus" is an astounding book. I don't see how anybody else could have written it. There is very little attempt at what is generally called "fine writing" or "purple patches." We are just as much at home in a London drawing-room as in the Far East—and it's strange that one should be surprised at that. And which, in the end, wins?

"A faint breeze moved the curtain in front of her and she caught a fleeting glimpse of stars in a sapphire sky. Then the East won, and she ceased to think. Rocked in her padded 'basoor,' with a smile of complete happiness on her lips, a child's smile, trustful and unquestioning, Corona went south."

That's the worst of these travellers; they always know what to do when they are fed up with England and all that is therein. If Mrs. Rosita Forbes writes many more of these alluring novels, there will be room for a play to be called "The Twelve-Pound Camel." Should the truth be revealed, I daresay half the women of this country are already saving up for a really nice one with comfortable humps.

The Exemplary Theatre. By Harley Granville-Barker. (Chatto and Windus; 9s.)

The History of Alfred Rudd. By E. V. Odle. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

The Jewel in the Lotus. By Rosita Forbes. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)



MOTERING AT CANNES: PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE.

Prince and Princess Christopher of Greece have been entertaining a good deal during their Riviera visit. It will be remembered that Princess Christopher was formerly Mrs. Leeds. Her son, Mr. Leeds, married Princess Xenia, the daughter of the Grand Duchess George of Russia.—[Photograph by Navello.]

The North Cotswold Hunt Point-To-Point Steeplechases.



Mrs. Buckmaster;
Mr. Dibben and Miss Buckmaster.



The Hon. Ivor Guest.



Viscount Wimborne
and a
friend.



Mrs T.S. Pearson
and
Miss Thwaites.



Miss Drake;
Mrs Greeson
and Mr. C.P. Kirk.



Miss Fielden; Mr Emmett; Mrs. Bromet; Mr. Holland Martin; Mrs. Buckmaster;
Mr. Dibben and Miss Buckmaster.



Miss Garrard and the Hon. Moyra Marjoribanks.

COMPETITORS AND SPECTATORS : PICTURES FROM BROADWAY.

The North Cotswold Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases were held at Broadway, Worcestershire, last week, the races including the Oxford and Cambridge Team Race, which resulted in a win for Oxford. The Hon. Ivor Guest rode his Barry in the Cambridge team. He is the

son of Lord Wimborne. Mr. R. T. Dibben rode his The Imp IV. for the Oxford side, and came in third. The Hon. Moyra Marjoribanks, who is shown in our photographs, is the elder daughter of Lord Tweedmouth.—[Photographs by S. and G. and C.N.]

The Lights of Paris.

Exotic Tastes. In these days whatever is exotic is, as a matter of course, found excellent. It is possible that some sort of *snobisme* makes us run with the fashionable crowd after the latest novelty—whether it be Moroccan, Mexican, Spanish, or Fijian. We ransack the world for new artistic thrills. After giving five minutes' attention to China, we will give nearly ten minutes to the primitive art of Negro Africa. I cannot count the number of succeeding crazes of this kind we have had in Paris since the war. Our tastes are truly eclectic. Our arts are certainly cosmopolitan. Swedes and Dutch and Americans and Czecho-Slovaks chase each other across the Paris stage. They leave their impress on French pictures, French dances, and French fashions.

French Painters. I won't say that this catholicity, this hospitality, this susceptibility, is altogether bad: but it is certainly refreshing to turn to the exhibition of genuine French art which has just been opened, and which everybody who is anybody has visited. "Cent Ans de Peinture Française" is the most amazing show I have ever seen. It makes one realise, as never before how rich was the sometimes despised nineteenth century in painting. The variety of it is astounding. From Ingres with his classicism to André Lhote, who experiments in cubism, is a far cry. The romanticists like Eugène Delacroix meet the realists like Edouard Manet. We have the Barbizon school and the Impressionist school. We have Corot and Rousseau, and we have the great Daumier—so long regarded as a simple cartoonist instead of what he was—one of the finest artists of the century. Monet and Sisley and Pissaro and Renoir; Degas and Gauguin; Matisse and the sensitive Toulouse-Lautrec—what a wonderful collection it is! And I have forgotten Courbet, and many others equally remarkable. No visitor to Paris who wants to know something about the development, the efflorescence, of modern French art can afford to miss this show.

Things Russian. But no one can complain of the vogue for things Russian. It has already given us the Chauve-Souris, Russian painters, Russian writers, Russian dancers, and Russian blouses. It has given us that delightful Russian playwright, Count Alexis Tolstoi, whose joyous comedy "L'Amour, Livre d'Or," as produced by Jacques Copeau at the Vieux-Colombier, is positively refreshing. It is now giving us a prince who, without the Revolution, would have continued to be a prince, but, with the Revolution, becomes a singer who is considered by good judges to be a real acquisition to the concert platform.

Prince as Singer.

The story is interesting. Prince Alexis Obolensky in the old days was one of the richest Russian land-owners. Everything was swept away. The Prince played his part in all the great events that have taken place during the past few years. Wondering how he could fashion his life anew, he remembered the success which attended his untrained and amateur singing. I am told that eminent professors actually declare that his voice is in range and quality not dissimilar from that of Chaliapin. I cannot say, but the mere fact that it is possible to make such statements, even though they are exaggerated, is sufficiently striking. I learn that he has already sung in London, and he comes here heralded by the most extravagant praise. Paris is agog to hear him in operatic selections.



MASKED: ONE OF DON JUAN'S THOUSAND-AND-THREE VICTIMS.

The costumes are a great feature of the production of Edmond Rostand's "La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan," at the Porte-Saint-Martin. They were designed by M. George Barbier, and a further description of them appears on our facing page.

sister, Princess Troubetzkoy, started a dressmaking business in the Rue Saint-Honoré. Indeed, Russians are setting up dressmaking and other businesses everywhere. There is, for example, Princess Tenicheff who displayed genuine Russian art goods—furs, toys, laces. Succeeding, she converted her shop into a sort of co-operative store. Many Russians are helping. Members of the aristocracy are at work—the men on distinctive and curious toys and ornaments, the women on knitted and embroidered and painted things. In the same way, at the Russian tea-room, the Ousadba, there is a bazaar of artistic objects.

Elephant Hairs. In the search for the exotic, India is, of course, not forgotten, and charms made out of elephant's hair appeal more than ever to the Parisienne. The hair is used in a variety of ways—for



rings and brooches and other jewellery. Sometimes it is wound round cameos, embedded in platinum, embellished with precious stones, coated with gold. Ingenuity can no further go. No matter in what design, no matter in what mode, this strange material is very popular. No jewellery that is up to date is complete without an elephant's hair forming part of it.

Fifty Years' Mode.

In the meantime social functions abound. Many of them call for the exercise of considerable skill and knowledge. For example, the other day there was a certain private reception at which all the guests were invited to wear costumes recalling some date between 1860 and 1910. The mode underwent many changes during that period of fifty years; and although many of the ideas of to-day have been adopted from that epoch, nothing is more surprising than the contrast of the dresses of to-day with those which were worn even ten years ago. Here were the puffed sleeves, the exaggerated contours, the corseted forms, the crinolines, the flounces, the quaint bonnets, the *sauvez-moi jeune homme* (long, trailing ribbons from the hat which entice the follower), the *sauve-embarque* (short coats), and other amusing costumes which were once fashionable.

Some Dresses.

There was the Duchesse de Grammont, in a toilette which was reminiscent of the drawings of Gavarni; the Princess Lucien Murat in long taffetas robe; the Comtesse de Saporta in a vast crinoline, with sky-blue frills; the Princess Bibesco representing the once-famous actress, Cléo de Mérode; the Comtesse Gaston de Montesquiou - Fezensac, with those long curls which are known as *anglaises*. Never was there so much interest in the mode which has passed.

Cercle Interallié.

But then, is not the past very real? Why, there is that little trouble of the Cercle Interallié—determined by a covenant which is more than two centuries old. When Baron Henri de Rothschild permitted his premises in the Faubourg Saint-

Honoré to be used by this modern club, it was not thought to be wrong to enlarge the dining-room by running a glass-and-iron structure into the garden. But the neighbours have discovered this ancient agreement which prevents the reduction of garden space; and down the structure, in which so many distinguished men have dined, must come. SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



A VENETIAN COSTUME DESIGNED BY GEORGE BARBIER FOR THE EDMOND ROSTAND DRAMATIC POEM.

Our illustration shows the costume worn by one of the thousand-and-three victims of Don Juan, who appear in the dramatic poem by the late Edmond Rostand, which is creating such a sensation at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre, Paris.

Four of Don Juan's Thousand-and-Three Victims.



COSTUMES IN "LA DERNIÈRE NUIT DE DON JUAN": M. GEORGE BARBIER'S DESIGNS.

The production of "La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan," a dramatic poem by the late Edmond Rostand, at the Porte Saint-Martin, is an artistic event of note in Paris. The costumes are designed by M. George Barbier, and are described as being "daringly classic in line," and carried out in exquisitely rich colours. The scene in which the

thousand-and-three victims, each with "le masque, le manteau, l'éventail et la rose," are shown in the Venetian décor of Jusseaume provides a spectacle of the greatest beauty. The dresses are imagined with a happy fantasy which has contributed enormously to the success of a remarkably artistic production.

Plays — Without Prejudice.

ON SPECIAL PERFORMANCES.

Great Occasions.

There is always something more than a trifle solemn about theatrical occasions. Real history seems to be made in a cheerful and rather slapdash manner by light-hearted old gentlemen in the interval between planting sweet-peas (or was it early broccoli?) and being photographed for the papers in the congenial privacy of their family circle. But theatrical history isn't half so easy to make as that. First you find a theatre—and that isn't quite as easy as it looks to the simple-minded visitor from Wigan who walks down Shaftesbury Avenue and notices all those funny-looking buildings with glass awnings outside. Then you collect—by kind permission of Messrs. Higgle and Deal—a company. And then, oh, then—but not till then—you begin.

In Front.

The seats must be filled with Everybody. They all sit about and talk at the tops of their voices and do their very best to look just like each other. Only a trifle more so. And Mr. Walkley must be induced to come (he, be it noted, will look just like "A. B. W."—but he cherishes a fond illusion that his appearance in these days is that of a simple member of the simple public visiting the theatre for an hour or so of simple amusement). And the dramatic critics will be tucked away in those dreadful seats at the corner of the stalls which not even Lady X. could manage to sell. And then you can begin to think about the show.

Revivals.

Special performances are of two kinds here below. And, be it said before we go any further, you had far, far better keep away from the first kind altogether. Because it is apt to consist of an exhumation (one can hardly call the affair a revival) of an indubitably deceased Elizabethan play by a company of morbid dramatic resurrection men. These inquests are extremely popular in some circles. A dismal hour in the darkness of Sunday evening is generally (and with a singular felicity) appointed for them. The body is reverently exhumed by an accomplished cast, and when the coroner has pronounced the verdict of his jury, the wretched thing is put away again for another two centuries, until some new dramatic Spilsbury does it all over again on a later generation. Performances of this order are respectfully noticed in the public Press, and those who stay away are invariably said to have Missed a Treat. But did they?

The—Society. Almost equally depressing, but with a faint air of novelty, is the other type of dramatic exercise on Sundays. This consists of a specially imported *morceau* by the Last Word in foreign dramatists. It is universally assumed in intelligent circles that, whilst British territory is (dramatically) a Howling Wilderness, you have only to put your nose across the Czecho-Slovak (to say nothing of the Yugoslav) frontier to collide at once with gifted and dome-like brows which should be known locally as Czacsprir. So you get a young lady with a typewriter to translate the masterpiece. Three or four people learn bits of it by heart. And you can all sit round for a Special Performance on a Sunday night to hear just

College, which provided young ladies in caps and gowns to sell us chocolates and flowers in all the intervals.

The Play's . . . The chocolates were—they always are—a shade superfluous. But we wanted all the flowers that we could get to throw at the stage in expression of our sincere appreciation. No one has ever got quite so close to the essence of Jane Austen as did Miss Mary Jerrold. One savoured every word that she spoke (because, by the modesty of Mr. and Mrs. Squire, they were almost all Miss Austen's)—and, better still, one enjoyed every movement

that she made. Almost equally right in her movements was Miss Joyce Carey, who tripped and galloped around in the authentic manner of young ladies in 1812, and drooped with a becoming modesty when the stern Bingley seemed slow in coming—how one lapses into 1922!—up to the scratch.

Two Serpents of Old Nile.

It was a charming occasion, and one was glad to see it. Even the gentlemen rose to the spirit of the book. Especially Mr. Harben. And when Miss Ellen Terry danced 'Sir Roger,' the house rose at her. And did it again a few minutes after when the business of speech-making brought Mrs. Kendal before the curtain and the two of them danced for us—and Bedford College. That is the type of Special Performance which

you need not eschew. But there are few enough of them, in all conscience.

The Usual.

Because the Usual in this line of rather depressing business is an excessively obsolete mid-Nineteenth-Century farce in which you giggle just after the curtain has gone up at the sight of Sir Charles Hawtrey ("Butler"—with nothing to say) dusting cushions at the back of the stage, whilst Mr. Nelson Keys ("Under-Footman"—comic business with candlestick) hovers attentively round. Then a door sticks for a few moments and opens rather suddenly to admit the entire dramatic profession in full cry. Dismal, you know. Because it is always so tantalising. One thinks and thinks of how amusing they would all be if only a charitable management had permitted them to be themselves. Instead of throwing them all at us in an All-Star Cast.



MR. COCHRAN'S LITTLE JOKE ON THE CRITICS: "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE" DISCUSSED ON ITS OWN STAGE AT THE NEW OXFORD.

"Overheard in the Bar" is one of the numbers of "Mayfair and Montmartre," at the New Oxford, and consists of a take-off of critics, discussing the actual show. The names, reading from left to right, are, The Barmaid (Miss Veda Wardman); An Ordinary Man (Mr. Albert Bruno); A Low-brow (Mr. Tubby Edlin); A Critic (Mr. George Hassell); and A Highbrow (Mr. A. W. Baskcomb). These gentlemen are allowed to "cut up" the production pretty savagely, the Ordinary Man being the only character who persists in saying that it is a good show.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

what Prague and Agram (beg pardon—Zagreb) Have to Say to Us.

"Pride and Prejudice."

And those, *cher lecteur*, are the functions which you had best avoid. But the more cheerful kind—there was one only the other day at the Co-optimerion (known sometimes as the Palace Theatre, W.)—is the sort where lots and lots of people sit round, whilst August Patronesses are reverently suspended in boxes, to see a once-only performance of a play with lots and lots of characters, to enable all the talent which is mobilised for a Good Object to make its appearance before our charitable eyes. What they did on the last occasion was a slab of Jane Austen galvanised into drama by a gifted couple who in normal times write poetry and novels and the *London Mercury*. The Queen presided, and everybody was full of the best intentions towards Bedford



NEW VALUES IN FURNITURE

THIS illustration shows the "EDINBORO" 6 ft. Sideboard. It is soundly constructed from selected Mahogany and contains two commodious drawers with cupboards on each side: Price £52 : 10 : 0. Also in 5 ft. size, £44 : 10 : 0. This Sideboard is typical of the New Values in Furniture to be obtained in the Waring & Gillow Galleries. It is designed and manufactured in our Lancaster factories, and is an example of our ability to produce high-grade furniture at prices within the reach of all.

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STOREY, MR. C. A. FIDDIAN-GREEN, MR. F. S. RUSSELL, (SEATED) MR. H. K. GOADBY, MR. J. LONGBOURNE, MR. C. H. PROWSE, AND MR. J. A. BOTT.



THE OXFORD TEAM: (L. TO R., STANDING): MR. H. L. AKED, MR. A. M. STERN, MR. A. L. MURRAY, MR. W. P. TILL, MR. L. B. WIMBLE, MR. E. S. F. CHANCE. (SEATED) MR. A. H. S. VIVIAN, MR. G. STOKOE, MR. D. G. COCHRAN, AND MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY.

Cambridge "got home" by one point in the Inter-'Varsity Golf Match at Princes, Sandwich. They gained the lead by winning three out of the five foursomes on the first day, the singles on the second resulting in five points to each side. Mr. Tolley was in magnificent form in his foursome. His single against Mr. Prowse on the following day was an exciting match, and the Cambridge Captain may claim to be the only Cambridge

man who ever gave the ex-Champion a game in the University match. Mr. Tolley now has a moustache, and rumour will have it that this is something to do with a bet about golf matches, and a sign of mourning for defeats. After his fine display at Sandwich, perhaps it will be shaved off! Cambridge played the following team: Messrs. Prowse, Aitken, Bott, Longbourne, Goadby, Little, Storey, Boyce, Gosling, and Fiddian-Green.

Photographs by S. and G. and P.I.C.

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY

April 5, 1922

Sketch

35



“BLACK & WHITE”

The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.

Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.

The Hour of Zero.

The procrastination of printing processes stultifies the scribe. Only last week, writing a week in advance, I glowed over the glorious sunshine I had experienced upon the open road in official winter-time; and it appeared in print last week after one of the parkiest week-ends I have known for a very long while. Now that I intend to write about that week-end a week hence I hope and trust that it will appear after a truly tropical orgy, so that summer-time may not continue to stultify itself and give honest folk the lie in their teeth. I can only suppose that the Clockwork Angel in charge of Super Big Ben aloft forgot in the small hours of the Sabbath morn to advance the spark of mundane affairs one hour. As far as I could see, the only two shirkers on the road were the weather and the watch upon our own dashboard, which lazily lagged not one mere hour, but seventy solid minutes behind official good intentions. Anyhow, this year summer-time was indeed the hour of zero. But a truce to clocks, and back to speedometers, as, of a verity, our speedometer neither lagged nor shirked.

Two Years Ago and To-Day.

Exactly two years ago to the day and the tick I had been touring the battlefields in France with the same particular friend and upon the same particular model; and, as we sat side by side, we kept saying: "Two years ago we had *déjeuner* at the Grand Cerf at Senlis. . . . We lay last night at the Lion Rouge at Soissons. . . . To-morrow we are due at the Cygne at Chatteau Thierry. . . . At night we shall quaff beakers of the wine of the country at Epernay. . . ." And so on, so forcibly the shocking Sussex roads reminded us of the rude rugosity of the ceaselessly shelled Chemin des Dames. Our car of two years ago was the sixth of the first series of the eight-cylinder Talbot Darracqs: a wonderfully sweet and beautiful machine, as I wrote at the time, which did everything on top and had a remarkable turn of speed, and withal most perfectly sprung—which two years ago in the battlefield area was possibly the greatest essential of all. This model was the sensation of Olympia in 1919, and one of the few real post-war models of that "Whited Sepulchre" of immobile automobiles, of which many have never moved at all except in the knacker's cart to their scrap-heap grave. Last week-end's "T. D." was the very latest; and never did engine turn over more sweetly on top at anything from one to seventy miles an hour. Silence and sweetness, speed and springing—what more can you ask with power extraordinary thrown in? One great

feature is the front-wheel braking—a wonderful thing upon a fast car, as it allows one without risks to take liberties which, without them, would be culpable risks. Front-wheel brakes—added, of course, to brakes upon the back wheels—mean that one can pull up practically dead at any speed without fear of skidding. Two years ago, in the works at Suresne, I saw the first chassis experimentally fitted; and now they are



INTERESTED IN BOTH CARS AND HORSES:
MRS. D'ARCY BAKER.



A SUCCESSFUL LADY RACEHORSE OWNER—AND HER CAR: MRS. D'ARCY BAKER,
AT HER HOUSE AT TAPLOW.

Mrs. D'Arcy Baker is the daughter of Countess Temple, and wife of Mr. D'Arcy Baker, who controls the Fiat interests in this country. She is also interested in racing, owns some horses, and won a £500 race at Cheltenham Steeplechases with her Test Match.

standard. It was a point on which it seems to me that certain Continental manufacturers are ahead of us; and Owen Clegg, the English designer of this French-built model, told me then that, as the result of exhaustive testing, he had come to the conclusion that no really fast car was safe without a four-wheel braking system. Hence his decision to adopt Perraud (not Pernod—that's absinthe, that used to make the heart grow fonder, now extinct) system. And the price all in, with an exceptionally graceful and comfortable torpedo body. . . . well, perhaps



that is the most attractive thing of all in these days.

The Back of Beyond.

I thought from lifelong experience I knew my Sussex Downs inside out; but last week-end I managed successfully to get side-tracked absolutely at the Back of Beyond, where the world ended completely after petering out for miles of un-signposted tracks. And at the end of the world we met the very Last Man on Earth, who lives in a high-perched white house with black beams and a black retriever; and he put us back upon the right road, which we had persevered to lose—with success. The last stage to the Back of Beyond was reached by a very stiff track of no mean gradient, with a very loose surface, which many cars would have shaken their bonnets at; and, nose-diving on our retreat, we were not sorry that we had brakes on all four wheels, and a young hand-brake in reserve. However, our dauntless "T. D." made an ideal descent with all the grace of a chamois and the caninness of a cat. We had been lured on by the track of a car, and the Last Man on Earth told us that he kept a powerful car. I did not doubt him; but how the postman must hate him! However, I should imagine that Coldharbour at the end of the long lane which had no turning—not Coldharbour Lane, S.E.5.—must be a splendid

place from which to defy the income-tax collector. Saturday and Sunday were not the days for too long or strenuous outings, but it would take reams to record where all we went scouring West Sussex and its ups and downs. That Sunday we had lunched most admirably at that favourite haunt of artists, with the paintings on the panels, the Swan at Fittleworth, on real roast beef of Old England with Yorkshire pudding and young greens, an open jam pasty, with a bowl of cream too thick to pour, and bread-and-cheese, accompanied by such butter, and washed down, as "costume" novelists

have it, by beer—of course. After that, the great parks of West Sussex—past Petworth, through Cowdray to Midhurst and back to Selham, and on through Graffham and Lavington Park, where the "black and white" comes from, where we took the lucky wrong turning which led us to the Back of Beyond. The day before we had chased Fuller's four good things of Sussex—Amberley trout, Arundel mullet, Chichester lobsters, and Shelsey cockles; but at Selsey they only offered us winkles, and we had neither the pins nor the courage.



Barclay's

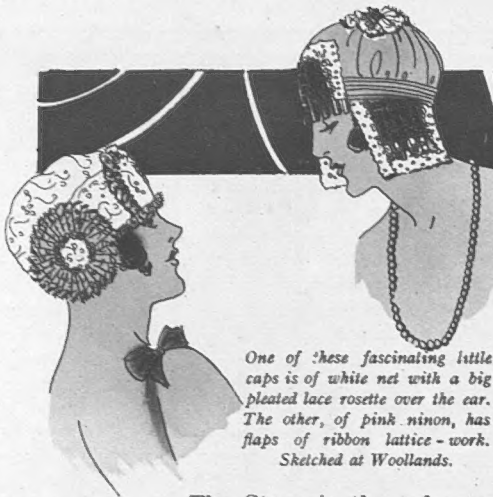
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Lager

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WOMAN'S WAYS *By* MABEL HOWARD



One of these fascinating little caps is of white net with a big pleated lace rosette over the ear. The other, of pink ninon, has flaps of ribbon lattice-work. Sketched at Woollands.

Fashions and the Stage.

The Stage is the acknowledged mirror of Dame Fashion, for all the newest creations make their first appearance over the footlights. In Arnold Bennett's play, "The Love Match," Miss Kyrle Bellew, as the wife of a theatrical manager and secondly of a millionaire, has an opportunity of showing to great advantage some very beautiful gowns. In the first scene she appears in an evening frock of black charmeuse, draped closely to the figure, with the natural waist-line clearly defined. This dress is finished on the hip with a large jet ornament, from

flowers at the hem. The pale-blue and silver brocaded cloak which accompanies this dress is evidently part of the scheme, for it is attached to the diamanté shoulder-straps of the gown. It is lined with shimmering gold, and has a large white fur collar.

A Flame-and-Gold Tea-Gown.

Kyrle Bellew's tea-gown is really exquisite. It is carried out in flame-coloured georgette embroidered with gold, and has floating panels from the shoulder, and gold fringe at the hem. The low waist-line is marked by a novel belt of black jet acorns. In the last scene, where the millionaire's wife is supposed to be poor, she wears a simple frock of grey brocaded georgette, finished at the hem with a band of fur. A sash of jade-green georgette hangs at the side almost to the ground. A little coatee of grey georgette completes this costume, and a small hat turned up in the front with jade flowers.

All About Ribbon.

Ribbon has never been so varied and attractive as it is at the present moment. No wonder that it is being so eagerly used. Some hats are made entirely of ribbon—for instance, a soft, pull-on shape of narrow, sand-coloured ribbon, with a tiny green border on one side, appears from a distance to be alternate rows of straw. Grey bébé velvet ribbon, slightly gathered, forms another hat; while wider velvet, drawn up into rather tight rosettes, makes a charming toque. Reversible ribbon, brightly coloured on one side and dull the other, is used for making the most fascinating flowers; these are usually flat, and are placed close together on a flexible cloche shape.

Notes on Sunshades.

It is rumoured in Paris that sunshades are to be fashionable as the warm weather approaches, and some of the new models are composed of innumerable frills of ribbon. Others, of white georgette, have finely pleated ruches of coloured taffetas ribbon down each rib; while very small, pagoda-shaped parasols are trimmed on the inside with true-lovers' knots of picot-edged ribbon in shades of pastel-blue and pink. Broad striped ribbon, of three or more colours, is used for girdles on the loose chemise frock; and one of the newest models in black-crêpe Athénien is finished with a very wide belt of cyclamen, gold, and larkspur-blue ribbon fitting closely round the hips and knotted at the side.

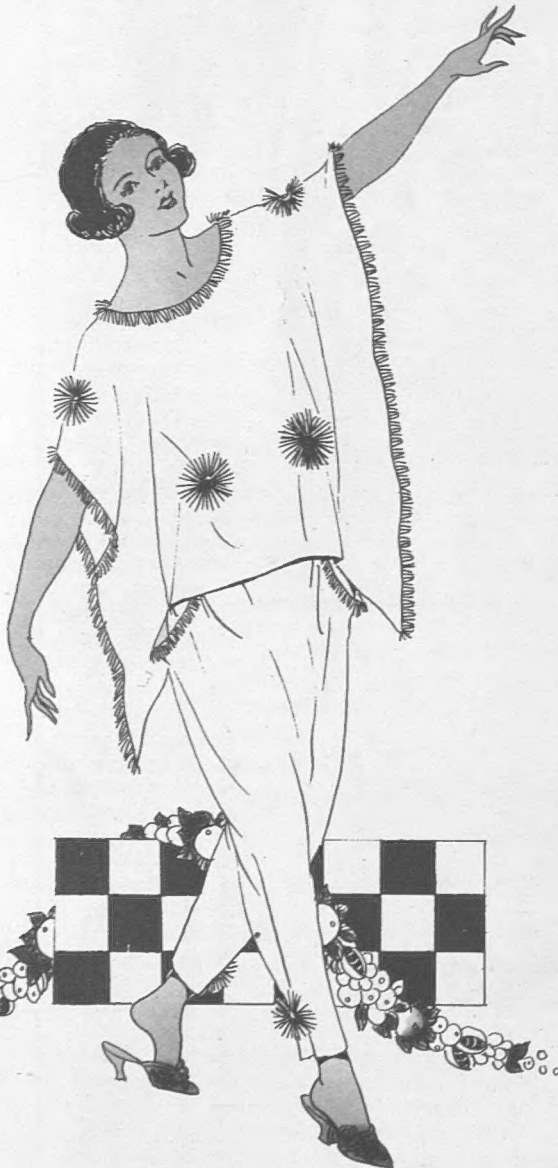
The Lingerie of To-Day.

The thin, often transparent, lingerie of to-day is certainly more hygienic than the cumbersome under-garments of long ago. Great-grandmothers may lift their hands in horror, but is it possible to find more exquisite lingerie than that pictured on this page? Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, are responsible for it, and the boudoir caps are worthy of special notice. The white net cap with a big rosette of pleated lace over the ear is charming; while the one of pink ninon ornamented with a lattice-work of pink ribbon edged with lace will find many admirers. An upstanding frill of lace, finished with bébé ribbon and coloured embroidered flowers, forms another cap. Every woman will find the model with wired real filet lace wings most becoming. These caps can be obtained from 35s. 9d. The pyjamas of pink



An upstanding lace frill ornamented with ribbon makes a charming cap; while the wired wings of real filet on the second example are finished with green velvet ribbon. Sketched at Woollands.

crêpe-de-Chine are trimmed with black-and-white fringe and rosettes; note must be taken of the novel shape of the upper portion. The price is six guineas. The princess



Woollands have edged these pink crêpe-de-Chine pyjamas with black and white fringe, and decorated them with rosettes of the same.

which flows a narrow, pointed train. Later, she is seen in a wonderful gown of draped Cambridge-blue velvet, cut square at the neck, and decorated with huge silver-tissue



This coral-coloured georgette petticoat has a panel of lace back and front attached with tiny roses. Sketched at Woollands.

petticoat of coral-coloured georgette is beautifully embroidered and hemstitched. It is finished with a tablier of lace back and front, which is attached by tiny hand-made roses. The mules which accompany this pretty garment are of pale-mauve quilted satin; while those worn with the pyjamas are of blue satin embroidered with white silk daisies, and ornamented with a hand-made marguerite. Woollands have just brought out a very artistic illustrated catalogue; on the cover is Gainsborough's famous "Blue Boy." This will be sent gratis and post free on application.

[Continued overleaf.]



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WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Spring Coats and Thin Frocks.

On the first sunny April day, a woman's thoughts always turn to thin frocks. But the winds are cold in spite of the sun, so Gooch's, Brompton Road, have designed many delightful spring

dress is covered with large dabs of black, white, mauve, and red, so it is difficult to call it any particular colour. Black georgette is ornamented with bands of steel studs on jade georgette; the floating panel at the side is lined with this, too. A particularly beautiful gown of black crêpe marocain is curiously cut on the shoulders and skirt into narrow points resembling a bat's wing, and is held round the hips with a black galalithe belt on which old ivory figures appear.

The Vogue of the Jumper.

The knitted jumper has come to stay. This practical garment, expressed in such a variety of colours and in so many different kinds of silk and wool, will become indispensable as the summer approaches. Mme. Barri, 31, Baker Street, has designed the square-necked model pictured on this page, and has carried it out in fine red wool; but, of course, it can be obtained in other colours. The price is two guineas, and there are closely knitted white skirts—that do not get out of shape—which always look attractive with these bright jumpers. Mme. Barri is also responsible for the white serge costume shown here; this is heavily embroidered in a bold design with parrot-green and

handkerchief fashion with points at the side, and finished on the shoulder with a hand-made flower, is 4½ guineas. It must be remembered that Bryce and Co. have silk stockings to match all their dresses, which is a great advantage.

The New Perfume.

All lovers of exquisite scents will rejoice to hear that the Héra perfumes have made their appearance in England. Until lately they were only to be obtained in Paris, but now all the big stores in London are selling them. These delicate scents, tantalising by their elusive odour, to which it is difficult to give a name, are presented in the most delightful flacons, artistic in shape and colour, and in themselves an ornament to every dressing-table. Héra fur perfume is wonderful, for it scents and preserves the fur from moth without leaving any disagreeable odour. The Héra perfume lamp, an elegant glass vase containing your favourite scent, is fitted with a wick which, when lighted, emits an exquisite fragrance. When not in use this vase is filled with a few artificial flowers of rare taste. Anyone wishing for a sample of Héra perfumes should write, mentioning this paper and enclosing three penny stamps, to 8, Woodstock Street, Oxford Street. They will be charmed with a parcel containing three bottles of perfume, one of Fraise-lait, and two tubes of dentifrice.



The knitted jumper always holds its own, so Madame Barri has designed this original model for tennis. The white serge costume is embroidered with green and scarlet wool, and Madame Barri decrees that the coat shall be sleeveless.

coats, and some fascinating frocks to wear under them. A long, semi-fitting coat of mole-coloured cloth, made with floating panels from waist to hem, and a large, original collar, is beautifully embroidered with chenille outlined with gold thread. Another coat, carried out in brown cloth, has the fashionable pouched back and curious sleeves which are half-opened to show the biscuit-coloured lining. This coat is embroidered with silk in a lighter shade and finished with a galalithe belt. Black and white is always popular, and there is a charming model in black with panels from the waist piped with white. This is worn with a big hat in black peau-de-soie, trimmed with an upstanding bow on which there are cream lace flowers; the underbrim is also partly lined with lace. The spring frocks are enchanting; some of the materials used are printed silk, printed foulard, embroidered organdie, and a delightful material that looks like Paisley shawl but is really silk crêpe. A simple frock of white silk, on which a large pattern in Chinese blue is printed, is cut square at the neck and belted loosely at the waist. A straight foulard

scarlet wool. It will be noticed that the coat is sleeveless and open to the waist. Knitted frocks are delightful for the holidays, and there are models for all figures. Some are one-piece, suitable for the slim woman; others have the skirt attached to the magyar top and are worn with a belt. These will be eagerly sought by the woman of more generous proportions. Another frock is carried out in fine mauve wool, with stripes of grey silk running round the skirt, and a large roll collar to the waist of grey. The sleeves are long and edged with grey, and the price is 6½ guineas.

Frocks for Us All.

It is very nice to know that Bryce and Co., 17, Hanover Street, have the most delightful dresses, coat-frocks, and costumes at extremely low prices. The model in black crêpe marocain pictured here is outlined with black-and-white piping, and ornamented with hem-stitching. This gown can be copied in almost any colour, and the price is 65s. 6d. An evening frock in sea-green charmeuse, consisting of an underslip with a little hem-stitched bodice, and an over-dress made



Bryce and Company, 17, Hanover Street, have used black crêpe marocain piped with black and white for this delightful gown.